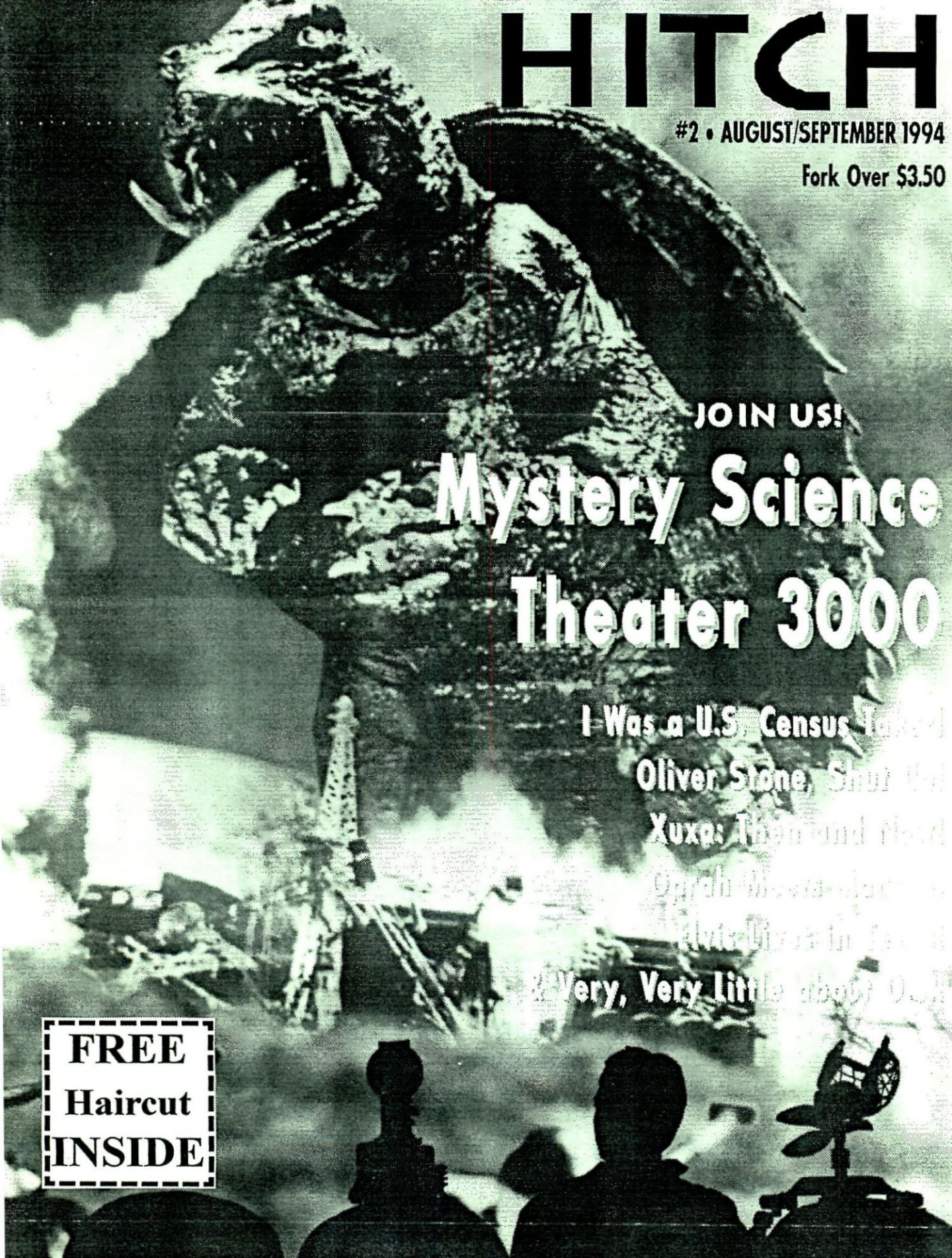

HITCH

#2 • AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1994

Fork Over $3.50

JOIN US!

Mystery Science Theater 3000

I Was a U.S. Census Taker

Oliver Stone, Shut Up!

Xuxa: The Good and the Bad

Oprah Winfrey: Her Life in Pictures

Elvis Lives in Seattle

& Very, Very Little about U.S.

FREE Haircut INSIDE

HITCH

THE JOURNAL A-GO-GO

Editor-in-Chief
Rod M. Lott

National Affairs Editor
Joe Rogers

Contributors
Bob Clipson
Ken Davis
Steve Hunt
Brad Lott
Malena Lott
Jamie Munn
Tom Neesnan

Layout and Design
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Stapler
Chance Giffhorn

Flavors of the Month
Ace of Base
Robert Shapiro
and anyone even remotely associated with *The Lion King*

Word We Find Funny
muffin

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InHITCH

#2 • AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1994

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I Was a U.S. Census Taker!

By Joe Rogers

In the summer of 1990, I was employed by the United States Census Bureau. It was my job to go to all the houses in about a ten-block area and "enumerate" the inhabitants. My area of responsibility was in southwest Oklahoma City, in a section called Capitol Hill.

I don't know why it was called this, since it isn't anywhere near the Capitol complex. The Capitol is in northeast Oklahoma City.

In Capitol Hill, the majority of the population is Mexican, and the majority of the Mexican population live in this country illegally. I personally enumerated around 100 of these illegal aliens. I was taken into their homes. I counted their children.

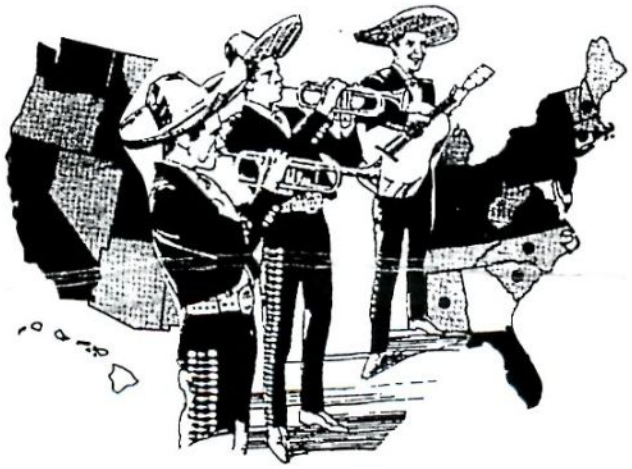
"Combien de personas habite here?" I would ask.

"Ocho," would be the reply.

"Ou travaillent-ils?" I had taken both Spanish and French in high school. It all ran together. I hadn't learned a thing.

The Mexicans found this amusing.

When I was working for the Census Bureau in Capitol Hill, my car was hit by another car or truck or large Mexican or something. I was inside a house full of screaming Mexican children and babies. The only person there who could speak English was the neighbor girl.



"They don't speak English," she said.

"Then you get to translate," I said, handing her a copy of the Privacy Act. "Tell 'em what this is."

The Privacy Act was a law passed by Congress that said no information that the Census Bureau collected while enumerating could be used as evidence against anybody. No other government agency was allowed access to these Census files. Not the immigration department, the law enforcement agencies, not even the sorry Internal Revenue Service. None of these bodies of government could know what the Mexican family told me, no matter how hard they tried. I had even taken an oath. It was pretty serious stuff.

Unless, of course, the IRS used illegal means of getting it.

I never talked about any part of it with anybody. Nobody cared. I was only counting Mexicans. Nobody

even double-checked my figures for accuracy.

Funny, huh? All this to decide legislative boundaries.

Anyway, I asked the Mexican household all those nosy questions: how many people lived there, where they all worked, if they did, what were their ethnic origins, average monthly wages, average annual amount of taxes, blah blah blah. They got tired of my being there after a while. See, they'd gotten the "long form."

When I was finished, I thanked the neighbor girl and went out to my car. The front driver's side fender had been smashed. There was no trace of anybody around, and there was no note.

"Damned Mexicans," I said.

SNAPPED

Our Wacky Look at Crazy Paparazzi

From Mrs. Hart's class, pictured above are seventh-grade winners of their schoolwide Geography Road Rally. By being the fastest team to find specific places on maps, they won world atlases for their unique skill. One of the boys, however, probably cannot read. Can you tell which one?

Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews

Under the Rainbow
(1981)
Rating: 9 1/2

This movie has lots of short folks in it, but that doesn't mean it's short on laughs! The movie — *Ha! Ha!* — excuse me, but I'm *still* chuckling — The movie is about short folks and all the funny things that happen to them in their adventures. There are 61 really good parts; one of them is when the Chinese man tries to say that the pear was "in the river." However, the lady he tells it to thinks he says, "The pearl is in the liver." I like that part. Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher are the tall people in this movie, but the Chinese man is especially good. Chinese are funny! Go see this good movie!

Grease
(1978)
Rating: 9 1/2

"Wow! What a good movie!" I said to myself when I saw this film. Lots of good songs and jokes and cute gals. One of the gals gets her hair colored yellow and one of the greasers tells her she looks like a big beautiful pineapple. Imagine that, I could never say that! The best part is when one of the greasers named Kenickie is talking about how all the girls want to hang around him and his pal says, "The only thing that hangs around, Kenickie, are the flies!" What a line!

Six Pack
(1982)
Rating: 9 1/2

Today I will tell you about a film above and beyond film, be it a comedy, a drama or a science fiction movie with neat infra-ray guns. This film is called *Six Pack* and stars Kenny Rogers and a young Anthony Michael Hall. Rogers shines as a race car driver who has six kids work for him as his pit crew. My favorite line in the film (or any film) is when a mean race car driver comes up to Rogers and says, "Whaddaya pay your crew with? All-day suckers?" I won't tell you much more about this fine piece of work. Wouldn't want to spoil the ending!

See ya at the movies!

STATS

Rocket Grenades: They Hurt!

It's bound to smart!

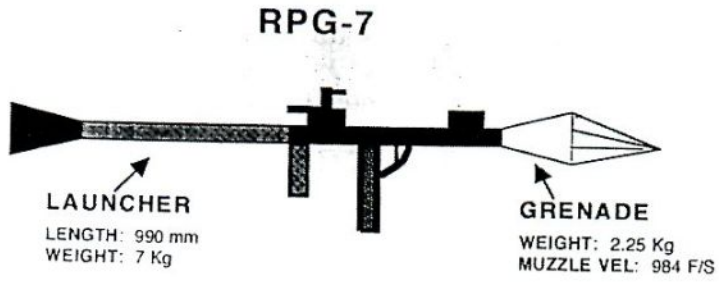
"During times of peace, our military is not immune to handling wartime injuries," wrote LTC James E. Wiedeman.

And how.

As Wiedeman reported in *Military Medicine*, an incident occured in 1991 near the northern border of Iraq which left the good ol' U.S. of A. caught in the middle of fire between members of the Kurdistan Worker's Party (PKK) and the Turkish militia. After the party was over, 12 PKK were wounded, 3 PKK were killed and 13 Turks were wounded.

The Turks brought three of their critically injured to the 39 Tactical Group's Air Transportable Hospital. All had been hit with rocket grenades. Casualties #1 and #2 survived, but #3 was not the luckiest Turk that ever lived.

—Rod Lott



The weapon in question.

The Forrest Gump Crossword Puzzle

1.	2.	3.
4.		
5.		

CLUES

ACROSS
1. Dog
4. Ono
5. Tot

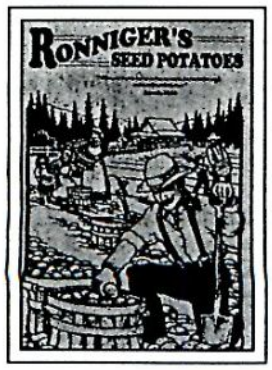
DOWN
1. Dot
2. Ono
3. Got

ANSWERS
(Don't peek!)

1. D	2. O	3. G
4. O	N	O
5. T	O	T

Catalogues from Hell

Whether you're a hobbyist, home gardener or small farmer, the exciting ***Ronniger's Seed Potatoes*** catalog has it all. Should you fall into one of the above categories and wish to order among the 155 varieties of seed potatoes from within the catalog's pages, we ask that you please put down this magazine and not read us ever again. Instead, send in your $2 and shop at home for fingerlings and garlic, but I wouldn't admit to it in public. Highly, highly disturbing.



WIN $$$!

The FBI's Fugitive of the Month

WANTED
For Interstate Flight / Murder

Donald Anthony Durant

ALIASES: Carl P. Barone, Carl Phillip Barone, Mario Campola, Sam Ronald Campola, Donald Durant, Donald A. Durant, Mario Durant, Donald Mario Durante, Mike Sanzo
DOB: 9 / 9 / 38, 8 / 10 / 38 or 9 / 10 / 38
BIRTHPLACE: Cleveland, OH
HEIGHT / WEIGHT: 5'9", 150 lbs.
BUILD: medium
HAIR: brown
EYES: blue
COMPLEXION: medium
RACE: Caucasian
NATIONALITY: American
DEFINING SCARS: 2-inch scar above forehead
SOCIAL SECURITY: 277-32-5544
OCCUPATIONS: Bartender, painter, salesman

A man of many aliases and almost as many birthdays, Durant is wanted for murder during a burglary. In addition, folks in Nevada would like to string him up for burglary, possession of stolen property and failure to appear. He is known to frequent racetracks and other gambling arenas. He has had plastic surgery and is believed to be traveling with his girlfriend, Jeanne Hays Rode, whom we bet is ugly.

If you see Durant, contact your local FBI office, or call the Washington HQ at (202) 324-3000. But beware! He may be carrying a .38 caliber revolver!

Pauly Shore: Intellectual Giant

People expect me to be this guy who drinks, takes bong hits all the time and goes out and screws everyone. And I *am* that guy.

Match the plot synopsis to the film's title.

1. A karate cop returns to Bangkok to avenge the death of his brother.
2. A man returns to the ring to avenge his permanently crippled brother, a former kickboxing champ.
3. A young boxer is accused of murder he didn't commit, and must fight a battle to prove it.
4. Two men challenge each other to a deathy duel amidst the opium trade scene.
5. A man has to kickbox in order to finance his little sister's operation.
6. Gumby and Arnie the Dinosaur have wacky adventures.

A. *Kickboxer*
B. *Kickboxer the Champion*
C. *The Kick Fighter*
D. *Kick of Death: The Prodigal Boxer*
E. *The King of the Kickboxers*
F. *The Puppetoon Movie*

ANSWERS: 1-E, 2-A, 3-D, 4-B, 5-C, 6-F

HITCHed in Hollywood

Snide Gossip & Cheap Shots
By Malena Lott

Thanks to Nicole Brown Simpson's 911 calls all about her abuse at the hand of her superstar husband O.J., the media is all over wife battery as the latest hip topic. So should we *really* be surprised that none other than Roseanne "Feel sorry for me because I am a victim" Barr/Arnold has jumped on the bandwagon? (A scary thought indeed when her mighty heft is taken into account. Let's face it: the girl don't do much jumpin'.)

O.J.

She's done the child abuse thing touring the country and sharing her story. You kinda have to feel sorry for the kid Roseanne who was molested, but now we have to turn on the tube and hear her cry about being beaten by professional hanger-on hubby Tom, who, by the way, simply cannot act. Maybe he did hit her and maybe he didn't, but here's a suggestion, Roseanne: We don't care. And if he did do it, it was probably for a good reason (i.e. you swiped the last Ding Dong).

Privacy isn't such a hard thing for some celebs. Take alleged child molester Michael Jackson, for instance. He could shock the nation by proving he's heterosexual and f*unctioning* as a man should if the rumors surrounding a marriage to Lisa Marie Presley are true. In their own little Disneyesque world, the King of Pop and the daughter of the King of Rock 'n' Roll could live happily ever after in seclusion; Michael will always have Lisa Marie's little tyke to play with, after all.

SAID

"I ain't seen nothin' in there but a buncha flies. ...Oh! Now that there's a booger!"

—some idiot at the zoo

Taxonomy of Humor

By Steve Hunt

1. Cliche — The lowest of the low, cliche-level humor is repeating a "humorous" term that has been run through the mill several thousand times, generally used by your parents and members of greek organizations. This level is one that is rarely even visited by your average stereotypical sitcom. For the person reciting the joke, a knowledge of the specific words to be used are mandatory. Rote memorization is a given.

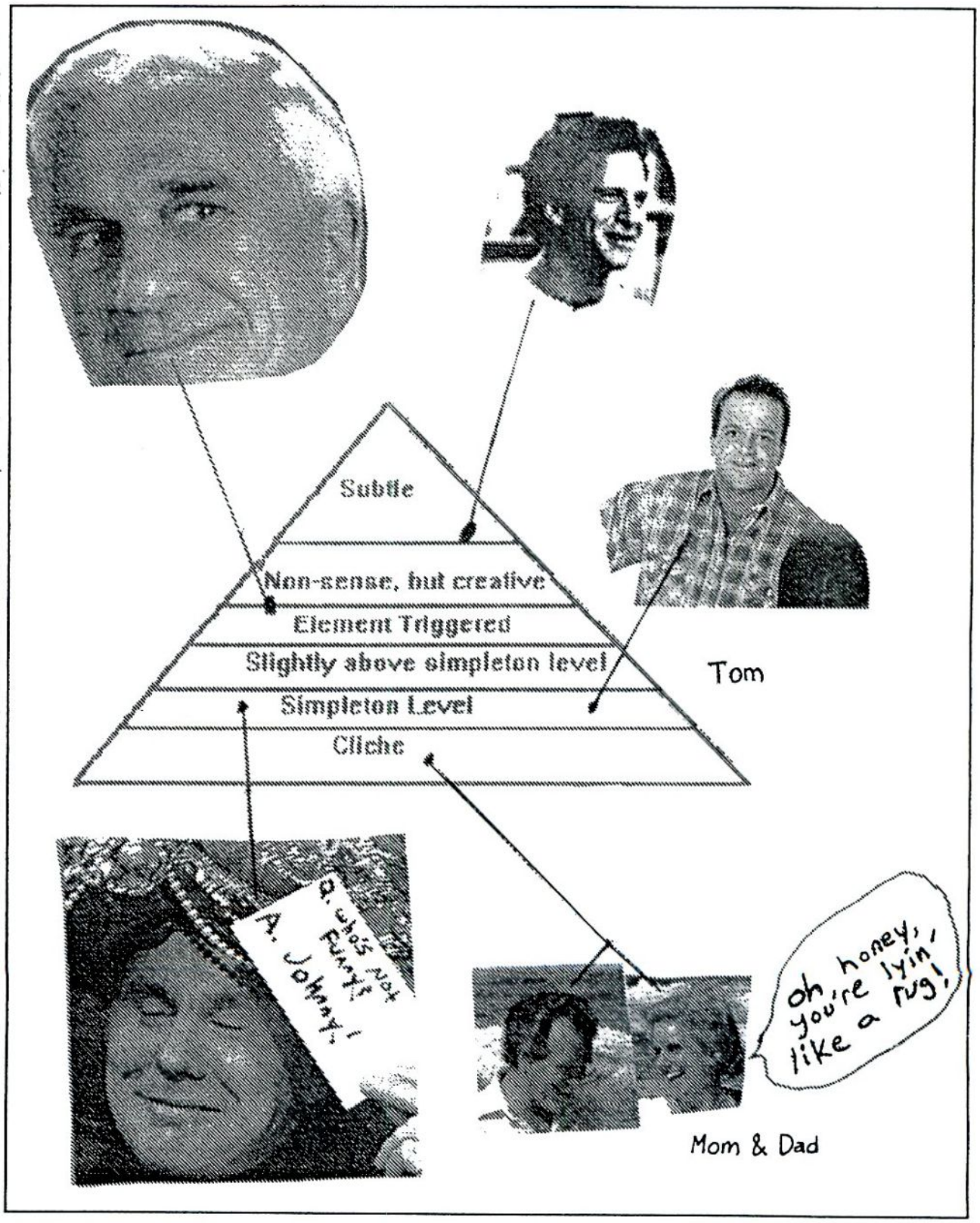
2. Simpleton — Another low level, where situations are put into a different kind of perspective, thereby rendering them "funny." Zany movies like *Cannonball Run II* and zany sitcoms like *Charles in Charge* fall here with a resounding thud, exerting very little effort into their work and getting insane amounts of money for what they do. Or Johnny Carson or Bob Hope reading off cue cards.

3. Slightly above simpleton — One word: premise. The author or director takes a small premise and expands it into an overblown piece, or a 200-page book. Sometimes even the smallest of premises is turned into an entire full-length motion picture, i.e. *Blank Check*. Other examples are all types of British humor, most stand-up comedians and many, many tired *Saturday Night Live* skits.

4. Element-triggered — Something makes it funny. Examples are Robin Williams (lots of coffee) or Leslie Nielsen.

5. Nonsensical, yet extremely creative/clever — This high level of humor is quite enjoyable for those who are at least at level three, but to understand a good percentage of the jokes, level four occupation is most advantageous. Joel and Ethan Coen have been here since the mid-'80s, progressing slowly up to the pinnacle of humor, level six. Another member of this prestigious level is Ben Stiller who, although appearing only briefly in his theatrical directorial debut (*Reality Bites*), showed his talents on the aptly titled Fox series *The Ben Stiller Show*. Oh, by the way, the **HITCH** staff has one leg in level five and one in level six, much like Woody Allen.

6. Subtle humor — Ah, subtlety; the cunning art of saying something where only those who you want to get it, get it. Few, if any, are totally in this category. Albert Brooks, the Coens and David Letterman might be. Pauly Shore isn't, even in his dreams. No one has ever perfectly mastered this level. No one probably ever will.



"Dear Mr. Clipson:"

March 5, 1994

The Playboy Advisor
PLAYBOY Magazine
680 North Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Ill. 60611

Dear Mr. Advisor:

As a senior citizen who is a avid reader of your fine publication since the days of Marilyn Monroe (God rest her soul), I have never written to you before. But I deem it necessary.

I have been a widower for quite a few years now, and recently have been very eager to get back into the dating world. With good looks I would quickly liken to those of Kirk Douglas, I feel that my old bones still have a whole lot to offer the ladies.

But here is my problem: the sexual revolution seems to have gotten out of hand for this cowboy. I recently accompanied a younger woman to an outstanding steak dinner. I feel embarassed to say this but over our potatos she asked me "How'd you like to have a piece of tail for dessert?"

Imagine my suprise! Still feisty in my old age, however, I relented and we went back to her home. After undressing she climbed atop my back and rode me as if I were a bucking bronco. Needless to say I was shocked and even a bit frightened. I am not used to anything except the good old missionary position with my wife Lorna who is now departed from this earth, God bless her soul.

I suppose my question is this: Is such fantasizing normal for the girls this day and age? I would like to know so that I -- if you'll pardon the pun -- may rope this bull by the horns. I am looking forward to your response.

Thank you kindly,

Robert C. Clipson

Robert C. Clipson
5504 N. Tulsa
Oklahoma City, Okla. 73112

40TH ANNIVERSARY

May 13, 1994

Mr. R. Clipson
5504 N. Tulsa
Oklahoma City, OK 73112

Dear Mr. Clipson:

This woman obviously believes in a direct, honest approach to sexuality. She sounds like a liberated woman who can teach you some new tricks--particularly if your repertoire is limited to the missionary position. If she hasn't already, she'll eventually sense that you're not accustomed to sexually aggressive/confident women. If you're uncomfortable with the role reversal, let her know that you've been out of circulation for awhile. We think you're a pretty lucky guy--go for it.

Thanks for your interest in *Playboy*.

Sincerely,

Mark Williams
for the *Playboy* Advisor

MW/ls

A HE-MAN ADVENTURE

B-Movie Magic in the Lone Star State

By Rod Lott

Deep in the heart of Texas – more specifically, downtown San Antonio – lies an untapped mecca of filmlovers' unadulterated kitsch. Just steps from where Davy Crockett, that self-appointed King o' the Wild Frontier, met his untimely death lies a trio of notable stops for those tourists who happen to be connoisseurs of B-movies and the shameful folk who make them.

Your first stop, right off the Riverwalk, is the Theater of Wax. As part of your $10 combo ticket to Ripley's Believe It or Not! Museum, you are allowed to gaze in wonder at the not-quite-lifesize replicas of Harrison Ford as Indy Jones and the whole damn cast of *The Wizard of Oz*, as well as such questionables as Whoopi Goldberg (presented here as seen in *Comic Relief*) and an unconvincing Michelle Pfeiffer, made up to look like Lillian Gish. Despite the Ripley's theme, sadly, there is no Jack Palance figure, although Chuck Heston has the distinction of not one but *two* appearances as a glorified candle, depicted in *Ben-Hur* and *Planet of the Apes*.

Afterwards, hang a left at the Woolworth's. Next door to the Tatoo Arcade (sic) and a mere three doors up from the newsstand where, if you've got the notion, you can purchase a wrapped-in-plastic copy of *Climax*, sits an antique store whose name escapes me, but is easily identifiable by the homeless men who sit outside its doors and snicker knowingly to themselves. Just step over these economically challenged folk, marvel at the Beatles lunchbox in the display window and go inside. Walk to the back and up the flight of stairs and, *ah*, there is the rub.

Vicki, the King and Daddy-O.

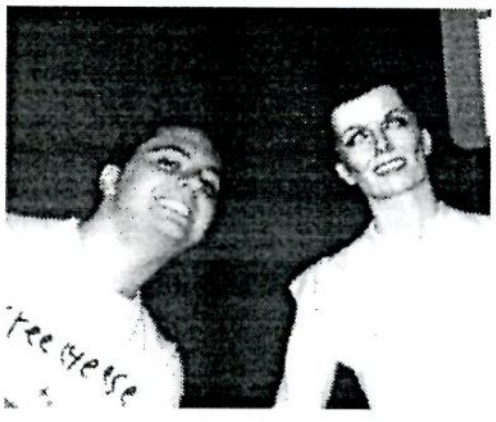
Wax on parade: Note Jaye Davidson figure on right.

Upon entering the free-of-admission Wall of Fame, our second stop along the miniature Dreck of Hollywood walking tour, I was immediately greeted by a bearded man who proceeded to tell me everything about the place, as if I asked or cared. The walls were covered with framed 8 x 10 autographed glossies of stars as luminous as Loni Anderson, Tim Matheson and obnoxious rock band Bad Mutha Goose. "The pictures are not for sale," our guide told us, as if someone would want them, "but the autographed John Schneider cap is." So were the unwanted copies of *TeenVid* and a weighty stack of Xeroxed publicity shots marked "Queensryche Photos $1.00."

He urged me to take a wooden nickel with his address imprinted on it so I could send him a postcard. "I'm trying to get the world's record for most postcards received," he said. Hey, dream no small dreams.

In the middle of the room sat a basket chock full of free goodies for the kids. However, I would strongly advise travelers to shield your children from this man, so downright scary he's a walking restraining order.

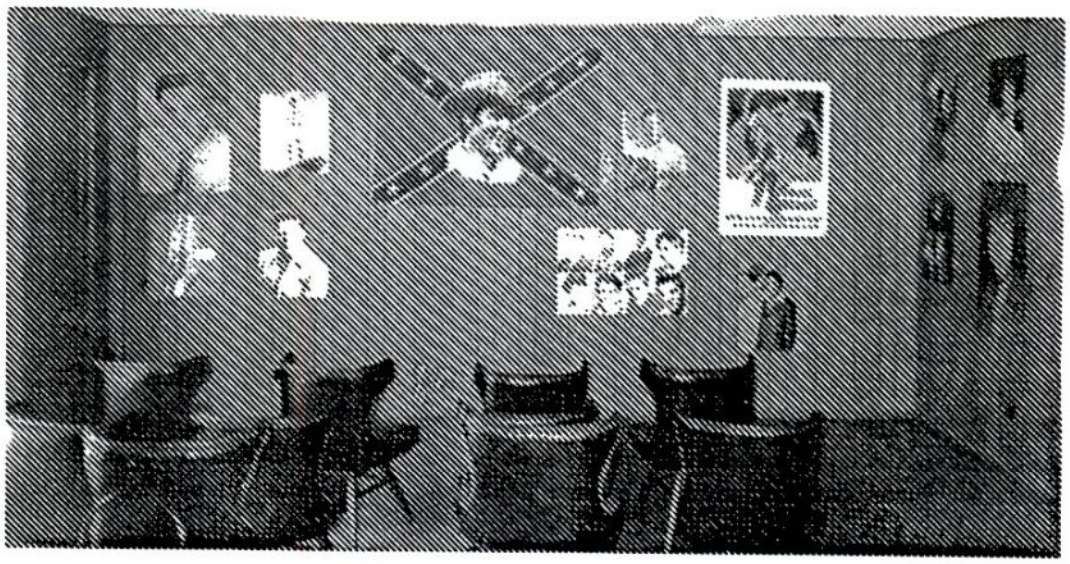
Simply pass over the threshold for the final stop – and *creme de la creme* – of the tour: the Elvis Presley museum. Run by Victoria Fontana, aunt of D.J. Fontana, Elvis' longtime drummer, the museum is not so much a museum as it is a collection of pages torn from magazines and affixed to the wall with Scotch tape, but for a mere $1 admission, how could you go wrong?



Hepburn 'n' me.

Answer: *You can't.* As Victoria explained, "Elvis *is* love. He brought a lot of joy into people's lives and then he brought a lot of sorrow. The sorrow will never leave, but you know what?...The joy never will, either." She then made her way over to a makeshift stage currently reigned by a cardboard standee of the King and turned on some tunes.

Victoria often welcomes classrooms on field trips to her museum, when a local DJ dons his full Vegas Elvis regalia and takes care of business for the kiddies. "Elvis is for all ages," says Victoria, who is used to such hosting duties, having unveiled the Elvis stamp in San Antonio for CNN, as well as serving as hostess for Graceland's annual candlelight memorial and official liaison for Japan's chapter of the Elvis Fan Club. With all the problems in the world," she said with a brush of her hands, "you just put on Elvis and you become enlightened."



If Elvis were a religion.

Elvis is indeed alive within these walls, adorned with Elvis towels and scrapbook material. Her prized exhibit is a showcase of two of the King's costumes. "That belt weighs over 100 pounds, honey," she said. "And people wondered why he sweat so much on stage!" The highlight of the grounds, however, tucked away in a curtained-off area is the shrine to the King: a few rows of fold-out chairs seated in front of a wall, on which hangs a Confederate flag with Elvis' face smack in the middle.

After I'd witnessed all the museum has to offer, I remained. OK, OK, so Victoria wouldn't let me go, all too eager to fill me in on Elvis' movie career, film by overblown film. Mispronouncing *Kid Creole*, she told me how he made four movies before joining the military, "and when he got back, baby, he had those *G.I. Blues*." She also told me that, despite what regular Burger King patrons might claim otherwise, Elvis really is dead. "They just say they saw him because they don't want to accept it," she said. "We don't ever want to let him go."

As proof, she showed me a Polaroid of his grave right after his burial. "My friend pointed this out to me, but you can see three faces of Elvis hidden in the flowers. See if you can spot them," she instructed. I couldn't, so she showed me the way. "Spooky, isn't it?"

Well, *yeah*. As Elvis might have said himself, "*Damn* spooky, ma'am." Yet those crazy kids today need role models, so why not Elvis? After all, Victoria says he never touched a drop of liquor. Though this contradicts all those death-on-the-toilet rumors, she still insists "he was a good Christian." So good, in fact, that she's planning to visit a neighboring college and talk them into honoring Elvis with a posthumous degree in theology. *Truly*. "I know the president there real well," she said.

A far cry from the Smithsonian, Victoria's Elvis collection is worth the buck. She just wants to be your teddy bear. Besides, she called me "Daddy-O." Screw the Alamo; *this* is America.

Mystery Science Theater 3000

WE'VE GOT MOVIE SIGN!

The MST List

How Many Cheesy Movies Can You Smell?

EPISODES

001 *Thunderbirds Are Go!*
002 *Revenge of the Mysterons*
003 *Gamera vs. Barugon*
004 *Gamera*
005 *Gamera vs. Zigra*
006 *Gamera vs. Gaos*
007 *Gamera vs. Guiron*
008 *Mighty Jack*
009 *Cosmic Princess*
010 *Humanoid Woman*
011 *Fugitive Alien*
012 *SST - Death Flight*
013 *City on Fire*
014 *Phase IV*
015 *Death at the Super Bowl*
016 *The Chill Factor*
017 *Invaders from the Deep*
018 *Time of the Apes*
019 *The Million Eyes of Su-Muru*
020 *Hangar 18*
021 *The Last Chase*
022 *The Legend of Dinosaurs*
101 *The Crawling Eye*
102 *The Robot vs. the Aztec Mummy*
103 *The Mad Monster*
104 *The Women of the Prehistoric Planet*
105 *The Corpse Vanishes*
106 *The Crawling Hand*
107 *Robot Monster*
108 *The Slime People*
109 *Project Moonbase*
110 *Robot Holocaust*
111 *Moon Zero Two*
112 *Untamed Youth*
113 *Black Scorpion*
201 *Rocketship X-M*
202 *The Side Hackers*

By Rod Lott
MSTie #25042

"Oh, boy. This is gonna be *dark*!"
—TV's Frank

As I write this, I have been out of college and thrust into the fated Real World for barely over one year now. My college graduation was a brief and depressing affair, highlighted by the record thunderstorm-cum-raging-flood that left me stranded and alone in my cap and gown on the wrong side of town for the entire afternoon.

That night as I put in the obligatory — albeit unenthusiastic — appearance at a fellow graduate's party, the years-old words of my parents rang in my ears; over and over the single sentence uttered one time too many as I had prepared to embark for my University of Oklahoma career resonated soundly throughout my aching noggin: "College will be the best years of your life."

Oh, how even thinking such a thing hurt. The idea that in college lies one's golden years...what a bald-faced lie. Who wants his shining moments to be laced with stress, doused with rejection and then buttered in insecurity? Not me, kubiashi. Mom, Dad, you may have hit the bullseye with the "don't throw rocks at windows" routine, but the Up With College scphiel is a big bag of zeroes.

For the most part, college was anything but fun. To some, college is Fun City, but that's because compared to their real lives working at Fina stations and Git-N-Gos would make anything else look like heaven. They're where they are because they

Dr. Forrester sizes up TV's Frank, just for kicks.

screwed around so much at college. These are the people I hated most in college. Hate is a strong word, but here it is highly applicable. To think they set themselves up for lives of deep hurting does tend to bring a smile to my face, but smiles cannot erase the unpleasant memories of university days.

Looking back now, I know all this to remain true. And, fiercely opposite to what most people told me, I do not miss college at all.

Except for one thing.

Late in the fall semester of my senior year (circa 1992), Jamie Munn, one of my few friends on the newspaper staff with me (a staff alarmingly marked with a loser-to-people-like-me ratio of 7-1) asked me nine words I will never, ever forget: "Rod, have you ever seen *Mystery Science Theater 3000*?"

"No," I said, "but I've heard of it."

And I had. I'd read an item or two about it here and there; the only one I distinctly remembered was a short mention in a *TV Guide* I read at my grandmother's house. The idea of the show was a bit intriguing — a man and his two robots stranded in space making fun of cheesy movies as we watch along — but didn't strike me as exciting. In fact, it sounded like it would get real boring real fast; who could watch that crap for two hours straight? I remembered being excited as a junior high school student upon reading — in *TV Gudie*'s Fall Preview Issue, no less — about a show called *Mad Movies with the L.A. Connection*, in which the cast was to dub new, funny dialogue over old films. I also remembered how totally disappointed I was when it finally hit the airwaves. The dialogue was indeed new, but the antithesis of funny. If I had to struggle through the mere 30 minutes of that show, certainly *MST3K* would be a similar exercise in viewer pain. To me, television was a barren wasteland, redeemed only

MY FAVORITE EPISODE

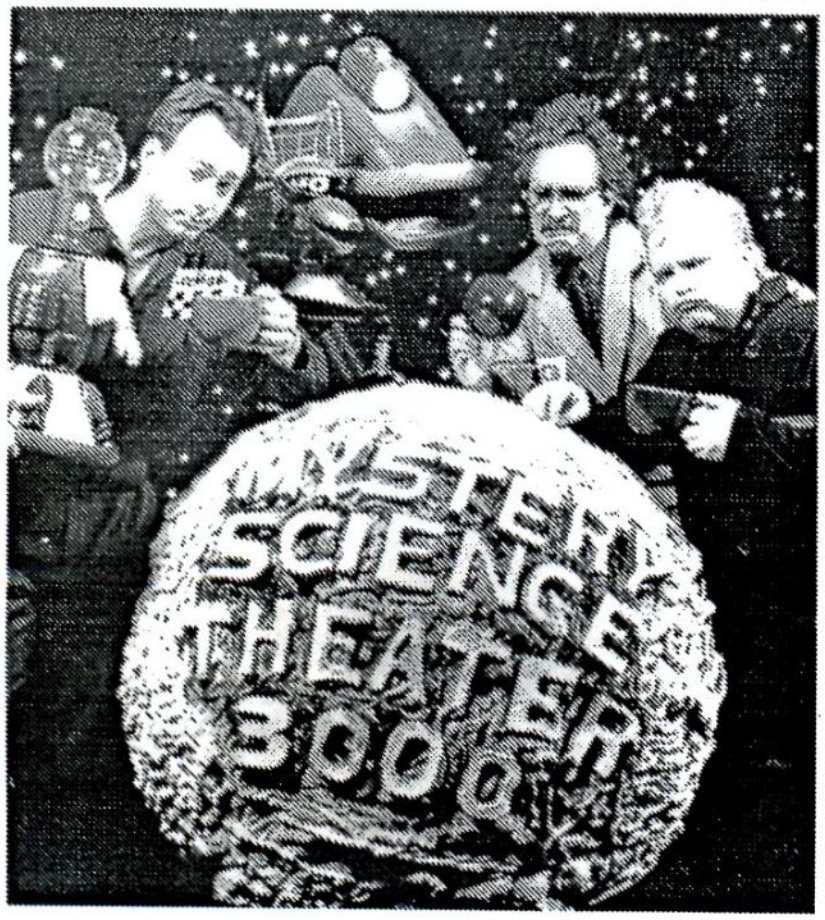
#424

Manos, the Hands of Fate

Torgo. All I can say is: Torgo.

(A close second goes to *Santa Claus*.)

—Rod Lott



The gang.

203	*Jungle Goddess*
204	*Catalina Caper*
205	*Rocket Attack U.S.A.*
206	*Ring of Terror*
207	*Wild Rebels*
208	*The Lost Continent*
209	*The Hellcats*
210	*King Dinosaur*
211	*First Spaceship on Venus*
212	*Godzilla vs. Megalon*
213	*Godzilla vs. the Sea Monster*
301	*Cave Dwellers*
302	*Gamera*
303	*Pod People*
304	*Gamera vs. Barugon*
305	*Stranded in Space*
306	*Time of the Apes*
307	*Daddy-O*
308	*Gamera vs. Gaos*
309	*The Amazing Colossal Man*
310	*Fugitive Alien*
311	*It Conquered the World*
312	*Gamera vs. Guiron*
313	*Earth vs. the Spider*
314	*Mighty Jack*
315	*Teenage Caveman*
316	*Gamera vs. Zigra*
317	*Viking Women and the Sea Serpent*
318	*Star Force*
319	*War of the Colossal Beast*
320	*The Unearthly*
321	*Santa Claus Conquers the Martians*
322	*Master Ninja I*
323	*The Castle of Fu Manchu*
324	*Master Ninja 2*
401	*Space Travelers*
402	*The Giant Gila Monster*
403	*City Limits*
404	*Teenagers from Outer Space*
405	*Being from Another Planet*
406	*Attack of the Giant Leeches*
407	*The Killer Shrews*
408	*Hercules Unchained*
409	*The Indestructible Man*
410	*Hercules Against the Moon Men*
411	*The Magic Sword*
412	*Hercules and the Captive Women*
413	*Manhunt in Space*
414	*Tormented*
415	*The Beatniks*
416	*Fire Maidens of Outer Space*

417 *Crash of Moons*
418 *Attack of the Eye Creatures*
419 *The Rebel Set*
420 *The Human Duplicators*
421 *Monster a Go-Go*
422 *The Day the Earth Froze*
423 *Bride of the Monster*
424 *Manos, the Hands of Fate*
501 *Warrior of the Lost World*
502 *Hercules*
503 *Swamp Diamonds*
504 *Secret Agent Super Dragon*
505 *The Magic Voyage of Sinbad*
506 *Eegah!*
507 *I Accuse My Parents*
508 *Operation 007*
509 *The Girl in Lovers' Lane*
510 *The Painted Hills*
511 *The Gunslinger*
512 *Mitchell*
513 *The Brain That Wouldn't Die*
514 *Teen-Age Strangler*
515 *The Wild Wild World of Batwoman*
516 *Alien from L.A.*
517 *Beginning of the End*
518 *The Atomic Brain*
519 *Outlaw*
520 *Radar Secret Service*
521 *Santa Claus*
522 *Teen-Age Crime Wave*
523 *Village of the Giants*
524 *12 to the Moon*
601 *Girls Town*
602 *Invasion U.S.A.*
603 *The Dead Talk Back*
604 *Zombie Nightmare*
605 *Colossus and the Headhunters*
606 *The Creeping Terror*
607 *Blood Lust*
608 *Code Name: Diamond Head*
609 *The Skydivers*
610 *The Violent Years*
611 *The Starfighters*
612 *Last of the Wild Horses*
613 *The Sinister Urge*
614 *San Francisco International*
615 *Kitten with a Whip*
616 *Racket Girls*
617 *The Sword and the Dragon*
618 *High School Big Shot*
619 *Red Zone Cuba*
620 *Danger! Death Ray*
621 *The Beast of Yucca Flats*
623 *Beyond the Bermuda Triangle*

SHORT FILMS

102 *Radar Men from the Moon* (continued 103-105, 107-110)
203 *The Phantom Creeps* (cont. 205-206)
210 *X Marks the Spot*
307 *Alphabet Antics*
311 *Snow Thrills*
313 *Speech: Using Your Voice*
315 *Aquatic Wizards Catching Trouble*
317 *The Home Economic Story*
319 *Mr. B Natural*
320 *Posture Pals Appreciating Our Parents*
406 *Undersea Kingdom* (cont. 409)
407 *Junior Rodeo Daredevils*
411 *Design for Dreaming*
413 *General Hospital* (cont. 415, 417)
419 *Johnny at the Fair*
421 *Circus on Ice*
422 *Here Comes the Circus*
423 *Hired!* (cont. 424)
503 *What to Do on a Date*
507 *The Truck Farmer*
510 *Body Care and Grooming*
514 *Is This Love?*
515 *Cheating*
518 *What about Juvenile Delinquency?*
520 *Last Clear Chance*
524 *Design for Dreaming*
602 *A Date with Your Family*
603 *The Selling Wizard*
607 *Uncle Jim's Dairy Farm*
608 *A Day at the Fair*
609 *Why the Industrial Arts?*
610 *Keeping Clean*

SPECIALS

Play MST for Me
Play MST for Me 2
This Is MST3K

by the god known as David Letterman.

What the hell did I know?

Even if I had wanted to see *MST3K*, I wouldn't have been able to, as I didn't have cable. Even if I had cable, I'd still be out of luck, because Oklahoma City — despite being the cultural center of the universe, according to Hoyt Axton on some mid-'80s Pizza Hut commercials — had two cable systems, neither of which carried the nearly new Comedy Central, the 24-hour cable channel on which this show was housed.

Enid, Okla., did, however. That's where Jamie was from, and her mom would record the episodes for her three to a tape. Jamie also recorded *Kids in the Hall* off HBO and loaned them to me. I loved the *Kids* since they premiered in the summer of 1989, the week after my jaw surgery, when my face had swollen to Mr. Potato Head proportions.

Anyway, Jamie had two new *Kids* tapes for me to borrow. "One of them has an episode of *Mystery Science Theater* on it, too," she said. "You should watch it."

"Is it funny?" I asked.

"Yes!"

"Really?"

"Yes! You'll love it!" she promised.

I told her I'd give it a try and went home, prepared not to like it. The *Kids* shows were great as expected. I was sorry to see them end. Then, the beginning credits for *MST3K* began.

This is what I thought: What is with this goofy song? And these cute robots? One's made from a split bowling pin and what looks like a lacrosse net, and the other one's a freaking gumball machine! Is this a kids' show? What cheap sets. All in all and in short, give me a break.

I was ready to turn it off but

decided to wait and let the movie begin. The mad scientists announced the week's feature to be *The Rebel Set*, a hippie bank heist film starring Edward Pratt, the chief of *Get Smart*, which used to be my favorite show during the summer between fourth and fifth grade. (I never missed one of Maxwell's syndicated nightly adventures until the evening my fingernail got caught on my bedspread and ripped off as I reached for a box of paper. But I digress.) *The Rebel Set* was preceded by a short film called *Johnny at the Fair*. My attention span being what it is, I vowed to sit through *Johnny*.

And at the very first joke, my life was forever changed.

I laughed at a crowd shot over which Crow T. Robot (the bowling pin one) remarked, "Prozac at work in today's society." I laughed when lil' Johnny sprinted away from his parental units and Joel and the 'bots made machine gun noises as if he were being fired upon. I laughed at their cries of "Attica! Attica!" as Johnny clutched a chain link fence.

And then, as *The Rebel Set* started and Joel and the 'bots cringed in fright as a pointy-breasted waitress turned toward the camera, I knew I was hooked. Either this was the funniest thing I'd ever seen or the show did a helluva good job disguising itself as such.

I copied *The Rebel Set*, but it wasn't enough. Within days, Jamie laoned me a tape with episodes featuring *Gamera vs. Gaos* and Ed Wood's *Bride of the Monster*. I copied those, too. In fact, I copied every single episode she had from then until we graduated. And after that, when she moved away to Kansas, I had her mail me some. Let me tell you, after three months of deprivation, the day that box of 21 episodes arrived on my porch counts among one of the happiest of my life. A month or so later, in the fall of 1993, a small area of OKC was lucky enough to get a few test channels, Comedy Central among them. That is the only reason I have cable and gladly shell out $20 some odd of my hard-earned bucks each month.

Back in that last semester, many a rainy Sunday afternoon was spent at Jamie's cheap-rent duplex she shared with her then-boyfriend. Together, the three of us devoured *Catalina Caper*, *Lost Continent*, *Attack of the Eye Creatures*, *Godzilla vs. the Sea Monster*, *Fire Maidens from Outer Space*, *Cave Dwellers*, as many *Gamera* entries and countless others. Together, we laughed at all the jokes and filled each other in on the rare reference one of the three failed to catch. Together, we grew tolove Dr. Forrester and TV's Frank — who first annoyed us — and appreciate the ways and means of their Sahara-dry wit. Together, thanks to the world humanity that is *MST3K*, we bonded and became stronger friends.

Those days and nights were the best of my four long years at OU. A year after leaving, I am happier and wiser, but I would be lying if I denied the void in my life left by the *MST3K* rituals that once took place under the roof of 721 Wilson. Oh, I still watch (and rewatch) *MST3K* faithfully, and it remains the greatest television show ever, but it's not quite the same watching it without a group. Like the peace, love and understanding that the unwitting inhabitants of the Satellite of Love promote, *MST3K* is best watched with fellow MSTies. It is a show about camaraderie. It is a show about society. And, unlike what Comedy Central announcer Penn Jillette and the *MST3K* opening credits say, it is by all means *not* just a TV show.

Mystery Science Theater 3000 is a way of life.

So that's the story of how I got to know and love *MST3K*, as equal in its relevance of how I met my wife. Years from now, such tales will be commonplace, as important as today's "Where were you when JFK was shot?"

But until then, keep circulating the tapes. (Push the button, Frank.)

MY FAVORITE EPISODE

Teenage Hoodlums from Another World on a Horrendous Ray-Gun Rampage!
THEY BLAST THE FLESH OFF HUMANS!
"TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE"

#404

Teenagers from Outer Space

I like it because it's spooky. My favorite part is when the aliens use their zapoids to skeletonize their innocent victims — a quick but grisly death. I was very touched by the ending when the young alien's image was shown in the sky with a happy image for those he blessed — kinda like Oedipus Rex.

—Steve Hunt

Take 2

By Jamie Munn

Like a romantic courtship turned monotonous marriage, so has been my love affair with *Mystery Science Theater 3000*.

I began the TV tryst after a chance meeting with an old boyfriend in my hometown. I had come home from the University of Oklahoma for the obligatory visit with the relatives. I went over to Craig's and wandered into his family's living room. He

and his father were watching a tape of the second season. I can't remember which show it was, only a sense that we all — being wise to both classical and popular culture — laughed 'til we cried in our microwave popcorn.

Craig took his *MST3K* tape back to Texas Christian University. I didn't see either of them for about a year.

I had told friends and family about the show, which had been taped from some channel in Texas. At that time, I didn't even remember any of the characters' names, but the lingering image of their silhouettes at the bottom of the screen was forever burned in my mind like a bad Welcome-to-Bank-IV-please-insert-your-card dream.

During another return home (I guess they weren't all bad after all), I was channel-surfing one night. Not knowing what programs were shown on Enid's newest channel, Comedy Central, I was surprised to see Joel and the 'bots at the bottom of the screen once again.

"Oh, my god, Mom, you have got to get in here!" I screamed. "This is that program I told you about! Yes! *Yes!* ***Yes!*** Oh, this is sooooo funny. MOM, GET IN HERE NOW!"

She went to bed. I guess my laughing didn't keep her awake.

I went back to the *MST3K*-less OU and begged my female parental unit to tape the programs for me. At first, she thought they were too goofy, but it wasn't long until she was hooked, too. She would mail me the tapes, which were like gold when unwrapped in Norman, Oklahoma. We Sooners didn't understand how a college town couldn't get Comedy Central, but a little country bumpkin town could.

So instead of renting movies like most of the normal populous on the weekend, we just watched the tapes of *MST3K*. We shared the tapes, making who knows how many copies for each other. It sealed a bond between me and my best friend at OU. We were MSTies.

After my OU graduation, which was so spectacular in helping me find a job in journalism that I immediately went to grad school, I moved to the University of Kansas in Lawrence at about the same time Joel passed the torch to Mike.

I didn't have a VCR, but KU had its own *MST3K* fan club. I dated the club's president, who was a walking Joel impersonation. I wrote an article about the club, which appeared on the front page of the college paper, *The University Daily Kansan*.

Then, somehow, the program lost its hold on my soul.

While at KU, I saw the program sliced in half by Comedy Central so they could cram it down more people's throats, I guess. I saw fans of the show who matched Trekkies for fascination to detail. Obsessed with the show, which only had appeared here last October for the first time, these people must have had too much time on their hands with the *MST3K* stuff they were planning.

One positive note was the show's "Free Cheese" tour which came to KU. Although I had waited three hours a free T-shirt and a movie which had already aired on TV, the group experience while seeing it on a big screen was a boost for the good things in life memories.

You know how *The Simpsons* used to be cool, then everyone caught on and you didn't care whether you missed an episode here or there? That's what happened to me, I think.

Mike, you're doing a great job; it wasn't you. You had big shoes to fill. I guess like Joel, I've just moved on. I don't even watch the new episodes, but I hear some are pretty good. I can just get tapes of them later. Maybe.

I don't know what new TV program, if any, will stimulate my intellect and my sense of humor at the same time. I'm not holding my breath.

Are you like me? Then, for now, read a book or something.

Cable's #1 lovable man-child.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE

#416

Fire Maidens of Outer Space

Besides being an involuntary commentary on gender roles from the 1950s, this beauty has decent modern dance sequences that I could have choreographed. Love 'em! The babes are attractive, although pretty submissive to men. And I though male directors only made that kind of assessment about Earth! This show features Joel and the 'bots acting out a hilarious *Alien* parody during the breaks. You won't want to FF through these gems. I can't remember the name of Crow's evil, black, alien twin that torments Tom Servo. Maybe if my damn ex-boyfriend would return that tape, I could watch it again and find out. Anyway, check it out, oh my brothers and only friends.

—Jamie Munn

Save *MST3K: The Movie*!

First, Paramount Pictures courted our space-stranded heroes for the trip to the silver screen, then passed like the cheesy weasels they are, opting instead for quality fare like *Indecent Proposal* and *Intersection*, among other empty-headed pablum.

Can Universal Pictures be far behind? Not if you help!

The story is this, from a Best Brains bulletin:

"We've been negotiating with Universal Studios to make the first MST 3000 movie for a year and a half. Now, at the eleventh hour Universal has developed a severe case of cold feet.

You can help! Please write a letter to the all powerful movie mogul Casey Silver and let him know how much you'd love seeing Frank, Forrester, Mike and the 'Bots on the silver screen. Let him know that he's sitting on a gold mine and that the smartest thing he can do is make this movie.

Time is of the essence! This guy is sitting on the fence and needs a push. Now, put down that Pop-Tart and get out your pen. Send your letter to:

Mr. Casey Silver
President of Worldwide Production
Universal Studios
100 Universal City Plaza
Universal City, CA 91608

Thanks for your help!"

The Brains also urge you, "if you want extra credit," to send a copy to Universal's A-1 head honcho, Tom Pollock, and one along to Best Brains' HQ at P.O. Box 5325, Hopkins, MN 55343.

I've already put in my 87 cents' worth; now it's your turn. If you love (or even just marginally like) the show, you are obligated by unwritten law to write your letters pronto. If you've never seen the show, you should just lie and do it anyway, simply because Universal has given you in the recent past such crap like *Pure Luck*, *The Real McCoy*, *Cop and a Half*, plus not only the unforgivable *Problem Child*, but the even more unforgivable *Problem Child 2* as well. And that ain't playin' fair.

Need more incentive? Okay: Universal Pictures has blessed us this summer with two of the worst movies *ever* made: *The Flintstones* and *The Shadow*.

How much more out-of-touch can you get? None. None more out-of-touch.

As an even extra incentive, send us at **HITCH** a copy of your letter. You won't get anything for it; we just needed to fill this space.

Citizen DEBBIE

By Ken Davis

The largest group of foreign nationals since the mid- to late-1980s was sworn in as American citizens on a July 11 federal courthouse ceremony here in Wichita, Kansas. My wife Debbie and her family were among the 111 who had their lives drastically changed forever that balmy Monday. She was born in England and moved with her family to Canada before coming to the United States. After living here for 10 years, they decided to take the plunge.

The process of becoming an American citizen is not an easy undertaking (as documented by Yakov Smirnov in the sitcom *What a Country!*). After waiting months for all the paperwork to be approved, the hard work had only begun. They were given a list of 100 possible questions and told to study them because 10 of them would bare their gnarly fangs in an interview with a representative from the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

Just as promised, my wife had to tell her interviewer what the Constitution is and when it was written and who Martin Luther King was. She was needlessly worried that she would have to recite the 13 original colonies. She also had to prove she could read and write. This was relatively easy, since English is her native tongue.

After passing the interview, she was mailed a letter telling her to come to the swearing-in ceremony at the District Courthouse at 401 North Market on the eleventh of July at 12:30 p.m. sharp. The letter mentioned that appropriate dress was required. That posed a real problem. I mean, what do you wear to an event like that? Debbie wore a sensible outfit and looked beautiful. I wore my standard: slacks, shirt and tie.

After arriving to the courthouse, I realized that we weren't the only ones to struggle with what to wear. Some showed up in shorts and sandals, while one young lady looked stunning in a prom dress.

While waiting for the rest of Debbie's family to arrive outside the courthouse, I was able to help a future citizen learn a little about

The proud author with his newly non-Brit wife.

American culture. A Korean teenager pulled up to the curb and parked directly in front of a fire hydrant. As he was getting out of his car, I walked over and told him not to park there.

"They will give you a ticket for that," I explained.

He looked at me, not fully understanding the magnitude of the crime he was about to commit.

"They'll give you a ticket if you park there," I said again.

"I to be U.S. citizen!" he replied.

I tried one last time: "I don't care; they'll still give you a ticket!"

He sped away. I bet he'll always be grateful to me for saving his ass.

Finally Debbie's family arrived. We were running late as we rushed into the courthouse. The security guards didn't seem to care that two of us had set off the metal detectors. Had they taken the time to investigate the situation, they would have discovered I had a lethal weapon in my pocket, a shiny new pocket knife given to me as a groomsman gift by my pal Rod Lott. (Incidentally, I'll never forget what he said when I thanked him for it: "You can cut things with it.") We scurried to the upstairs courtroom to discover it was standing room only.

They herded the group through like cattle, taking their Resident Alien cards and having each one sign their naturalization papers. They gave everyone a program of the ceremony, a copy of the Pledge of Allegiance, sheet music to *The Star-Spangled Banner* and a tiny American flag, just like the ones they sell at Hallmark on the fourth of July. After this was completed, it was about 1 p.m. The ceremony was scheduled to start at 2.

Just as we were wondering what we were going to do for an hour, it was announced that everyone would be seated in a particular order. They called everyone's name one at a time. I closed my eyes and pretended someone was reading me the menu from Kwan Wa. It would have been impossible for me to tell the difference. Besides, I was a very

hungry boy and it was a fun little game to play.

After everyone was seated in their assigned spots, I decided to have a seat in one of the few remaining seats near the front of the courtroom in the jury box. They told everyone that court would begin in about 15 minutes and that now would be a good time to take a break if you needed one. They explained that during court, each person's name would be called, and they should stand up and state from which country you came. He asked if anyone had any questions.

A lady, presumably from Mexico, asked, "Where is the pee-pee room?"

At 2, court was called to order, with the Honorable John Reid serving as judge. I couldn't help but think that presiding over this court session was probably the equivalent to a teacher having lunch duty. I also couldn't help but think that John Reid looked a lot like Burl Ives. The judge gave a moving speech, sprinkled with quotes by Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Daniel Webster. He said that in America, "there aren't any second-class citizens."

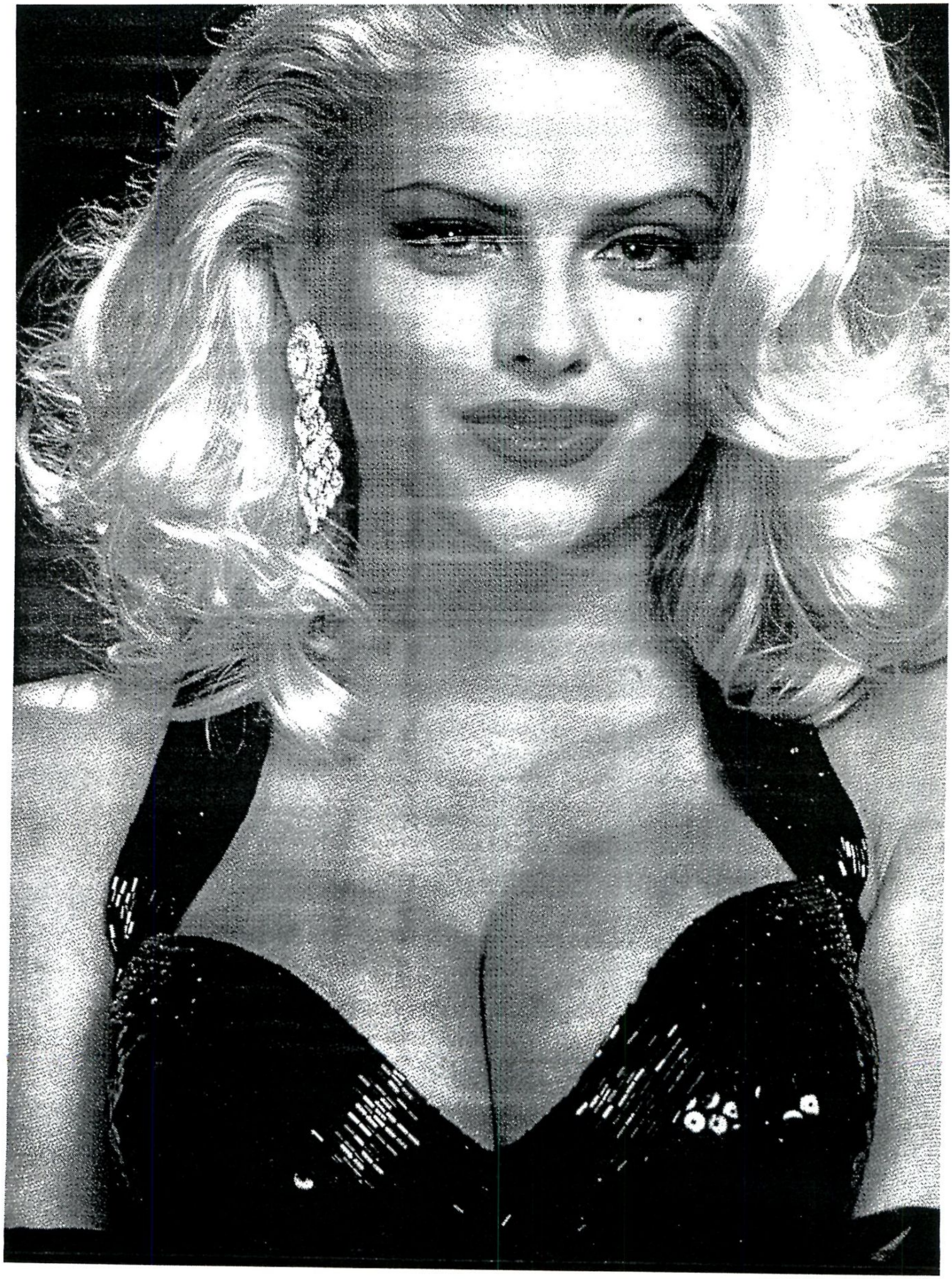
As he spoke these tender words, I couldn't help but force back a tear as I looked over from my cushioned jury box swivel chair with padded arm rests to the candidates for citizenship sitting on old wooden benches.

A lawyer representing the American Bar Association also delivered a rousing, emotional speech. He explained that lawyers are good resources if you have questions about the laws and that you should never be afraid to call one. His closing statement was particularly moving: "And remember, lawyers are your friends." Their new friend's name was Tim "Ambulance Chaser" Moore.

Just like that time on *Night Court* when Max's wife Soon Li was sworn in as she was giving birth, everyone had to raise their right hand and recite the Oath of Allegiance. It was led by the clerk of the U.S. District Court. She looked like she had stepped right out of the pages of a 1970s edition of *Good Housekeeping* and wore a scowl on her face during the full length of the ceremony that seemed to say, "If you can't speak the language, get the fuck out of the country." In the oath, everyone had to pledge to defend the Constitution against all enemies — both foreign and domestic — and to "bear arms on behalf of the United States when required by law."

After court was adjourned, everyone filed out and got to shake the hand of the judge. My wife said his grip was so strong, it nearly crushed her fingers. A reception was held out in the hall, where they served punch and cookies. The cookies had icing stars on them in the traditional red, white and blue colors. The punch was red. I'm not sure what was in it, but I did see a lady pouring in warm 7-Up from a two-liter bottle.

So my lovely wife is now a United States citizen and is entitled to all of the benefits that comes with it. I took her today to register to vote. She registered as a Republican. God bless you, Debbie.



If Anna Nicole Smith had money, she'd advertise in HITCH

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Xuxa: Then and Now!

By Jamie Munn

A youthful former porn star is singing and dancing her way into children's hearts on morning television.

Xuxa (pronounced *shoe-shuh*) is perhaps the Brazilian equivalent of Barney. And even if you're not aware of her torrid past, her American show is a hoot for all ages.

For children eager to start their day of "programming" or adults who have stayed awake through the night's Flowbie commericals, *Xuxa* airs, where I live, at a dawn-cracking 5 a.m. But the perky, petite blonde who hosts the self-titled show is ready to wake you up.

After the opening credits where a soundstage full of hyperactive children chant, "XUXA! XUXA! XUXA!" our hostess emerges Venus-like from a steel cage planet Earth worthy of the Ringling Brothers. Xuxa then, as always, begins the show by lip-synching the endearing "Hello! Hello! Hello!" theme song. Good, don't start out too complicated, Xuxa.

The crowds of kids scream wildly as they shake pompons and wave international flags. I don't know what drugs these 4- to 10-year-olds are given before the show — a healthy dose of sugar has been one friend's guess — but these kids act like Xuxa is the best thing since Chuck E. Cheese.

But just like the pizza rodent with his shady Showbiz connections, Xuxa, too, has some mechanical skeletons in her closet. This new kiddie sensation, who made headlines last year by jumping from nowhere onto the list of the richest entertainers right up there with Oprah Winfrey and Michael Jackson, has posed nude for pictures and adult films (see accompanying photo and sidebar). Hey, she probably needed to eat back in her younger years, and I have no problem with that. But after one look at her program, anyone can tell she wasn't hired for her acting abilities.

Although she is covered head to toe, Xuxa's wardrobe suspiciously consists of suprisingly tight jackets, short shorts, plastic tights and thigh-high boots.

Her English is less than perfect; one show ended with her warning, "Don't pet eeniee animals widout der owner. They can be dangers." The two supporting stars of the show, Jelly the Panda and Jam the Jaguar (two guys in costumes), must describe the rules of the show's games since Xuxa can't spit that much out.

Jelly also rubs his fake animal tummy a lot, and Jam basically does flips to the "BOING!" of the limited special-effects crew.

"Wee hahv ah woonderful show for you tooday," Xuxa says. "We hahv lots uf games, fabuloos songs, my songs, ees very coool. Coome right bakh, OK?"

Xuxa always has special guests for each program, ranging from Waylon Jennings (singing uplifting kid songs now in his old age) to no-name magicians. The guests get a little time to perform as canned laughter and cheers of joy are piped in every so often. Rounding out Xuxa's permanent cast is a troop of six young women dressed in toy soldier outfits with short, white shorts and white, thigh-high boots.

Known affectionately to my college friends as "Xuxa's minions, henchmen, sexettes, etc." these

Xuxa's Blue Movie

(from Craig Hosoda's *The Bare Facts Video Guide*)

Xuxa

Full name is Xuxa Meneghel.
Brazilian children's television show host.
Films:

Love Strange Love (1982; Brazilian). . . . . Tamara
•• 0:26 — Topless standing on table, getting measured for outfit.
••• 0:29 — Topless again when Hugo watches. Long scene.
•• 0:58 — Right breast when she lets Hugo caress it. (Film is reversed since mole above her right breast appears over the left.)
• 1:00 — More right breast.
•• 1:09 — Topless, stripping out of bear costume during party.
••• 1:13 — Topless several times undressing in room. Long scene.
•• 1:27 — Side view of left breast in bed with Hugo.

women dance and perform crowd control at the same time. They hand out prizes to children, but can also divert a crazed, screeching child with just the shake of a hip or a swoosh of the arm. They make our hostess look good by doing the dirty work of blocking undesireables from Xuxa's song and dance path. Xuxa rarely smiles, which leads us to believe she doesn't even like kids. *At all.*

A young viewer's mind probably enjoys the challenging excitement of the show's games, but a demented adult perspective may find that the games are, like Xuxa herself, subtlely sexual.

Most of the games consist of teams of children, at times donning colorful helmets, racing to see who can pop the most shaving cream-filled balloons by sitting on them. Some children futilely bounce as the balloon spreads puttyesque between their scrawny legs. Others are more dexterious with their heinies.

"GO! *GO!* ***GO!*** FAHSTER! HURRY! AHND THE BLOO TEEM ES DE WEENER!"

After each game, Xuxa shoves her microphone toward the winning team members and asks them who they want to say "hello" to in their big moment of TV triumph. Most make the obligatory acknowledgment to their mom, dad, siblings and best friend(s). Occasionally, they get creative, as one said, "I'd like to say 'hello' to everyone I've ever met!"

One kid even included a greeting to his pet monkey.

"Yoo hahv ah pet moonkee?" Xuxa asked, surprised.

"No!" the kid said, smiling and laughing, as he ran to play with his lame-o prize (a puzzle, I think).

Then there's the "Ask Xuxa" segment, where a kid writes in about some mystery of the universe, like, "What are reptiles?"

Xuxa can't explain, of course, but a convenient loop of stock footage from Disney appears and another childhood enigma is unraveled.

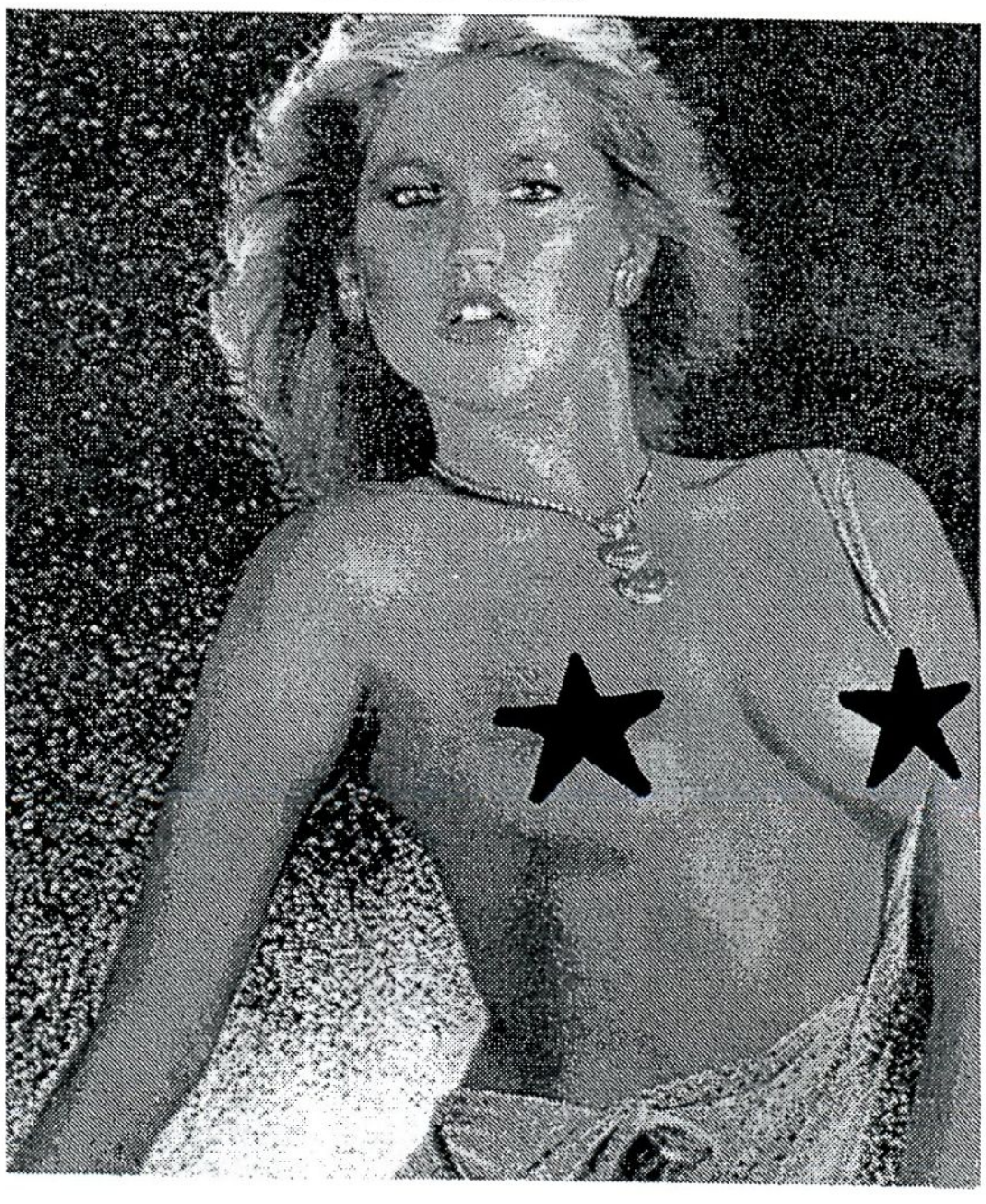
The rest of the program then goes pretty much downhill as Xuxa usually sings (or rather, lip-synchs) some don't-do-drugs or love-all-the-races song which was probably written in five minutes by some rock institute reject.

Reading from her English oversize index cards, Xuxa always leaves us with a lesson for the day. To wit, "Thees show tahk much of eenerrgy. Be suur to eexercise ahnd eet lots uf froots ahnd vehgetibals. Good OK."

Xuxa then asks who is going to get The Kiss, which consists of her applying bright-red lipstick and picking a lucky kid from the crowd. After she smacks the kid on the cheek, there's usually a close-up of the red lip prints and a frightened, bewildered look on the child's face.

Then, just as most adult men watching the show finish masturbating, the climax is over and Xuxa retreats, smiling and waving, back into the bowels of Earth from which she sprung. Balloons drop from the ceiling as the kids and Jam and Jelly play in the balloons.

So, harmless, fabulous fun for kids or fodder for adult fantasy — you make the call. It's worth several good laughs a morning for me. Whatever your fancy, Xuxa doesn't have a show for nothing. She may have a secret, pornographic past, but for now, she really is "loved" by the young and the young at hormones.



Oliver Stone, Shut the Hell Up!

The famed director discusses his big 1991 hit *JFK*...and himself.

Pay attention: quiz to follow.

Why *JFK*?

"Kennedy, to me, was like the Godfather of my generation. He was a very important figure, a leader and a prince, in a sense. And his murder marked the end of a dream, the end of a concept of an idealism that I associate with my youth, and that's the reason I particularly was plunged into betrayal and war — race war, Vietnam, Watergate. The whole laundry list of problems that have bedeviled America since his death."

How did you feel restaging the assassination in Dealey Plaza?

"And then hearing the echoes, understanding the confusion...it was like reliving a combat scene in *Platoon*."

Do you feel superior to the people involved in the investigation, even though they know a helluva lot more on the subject than you?

"We're sort of able to raise questions that the House Assassination Committee didn't even get close to....There's no doubt in my mind that that was a military-style ambush."

What about Kevin Costner?

"In Kevin, I found somebody who has a sort of fundamental decency to him....Jimmy Stewart comes to mind, I kept thinking, or Gary Cooper."

Are you ever conscious working with him?

"I just remind him I have two directing Oscars and a writing Oscar."

What do you think of the presidents since Kennedy?

"Lyndon Johnson was a fraud and a liar....Nixon, we found out to be a fraud and a liar. We're suspicious of Reagan with Iran/Contragate....Ford, Gerry Ford pardoned Nixon, and that was a joke. I mean, Jimmy Carter was the only one who had some kind of integrity in that whole group of presidents."

Would you like to brainwash America's youth?

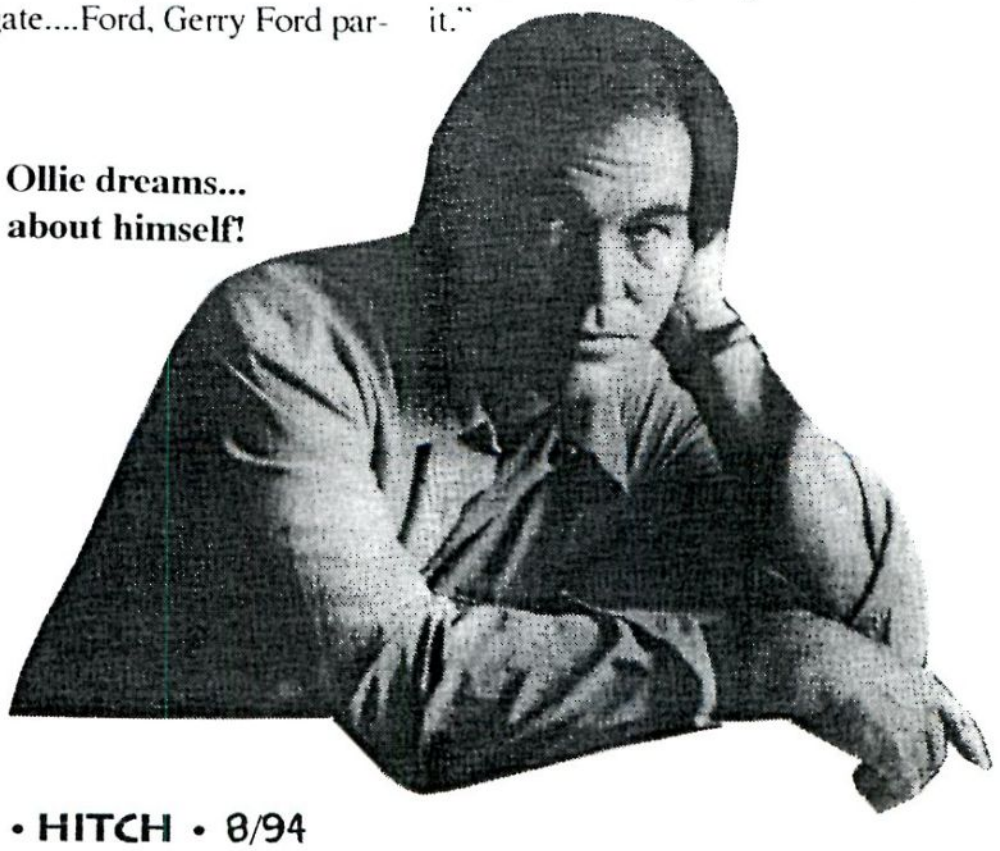
"It means more to have a 14-year-old kid say that she loves your work, because a seed is planted in her mind, you know, and that lasts through time, never changes."

What about the media?

"What the hell happened to the American media? They went to sleep for 28 fucking years. Who owns the media?...Ask yourself that. It's scary."

You don't find yourself superior to A-list directors, do you?

"I told Alan Parker that I felt *Mississippi Burning* was a distortion. I really did. I felt it at the time because I knew about the case....And Gene Hackman and Dafoe should have known better, no question about it."



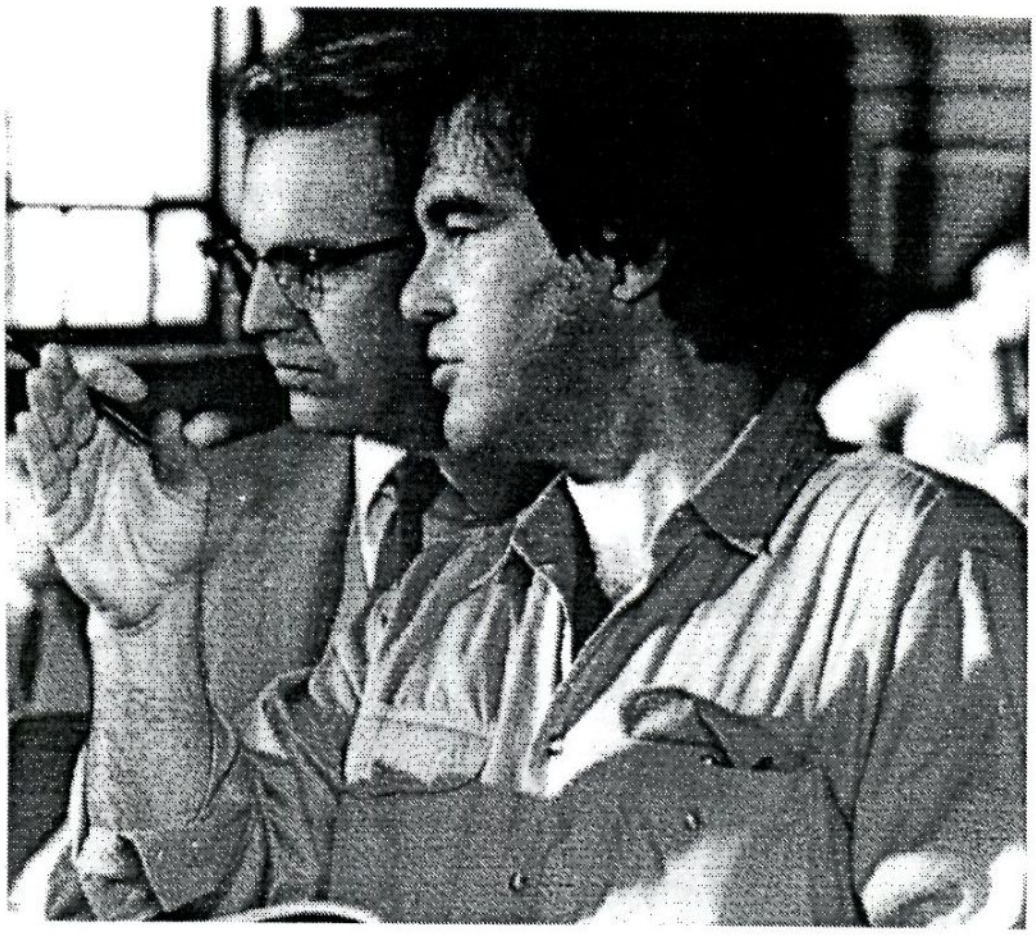
Ollie dreams... about himself!

QUIZ

Do you think Oliver Stone is an egotistical bastard?

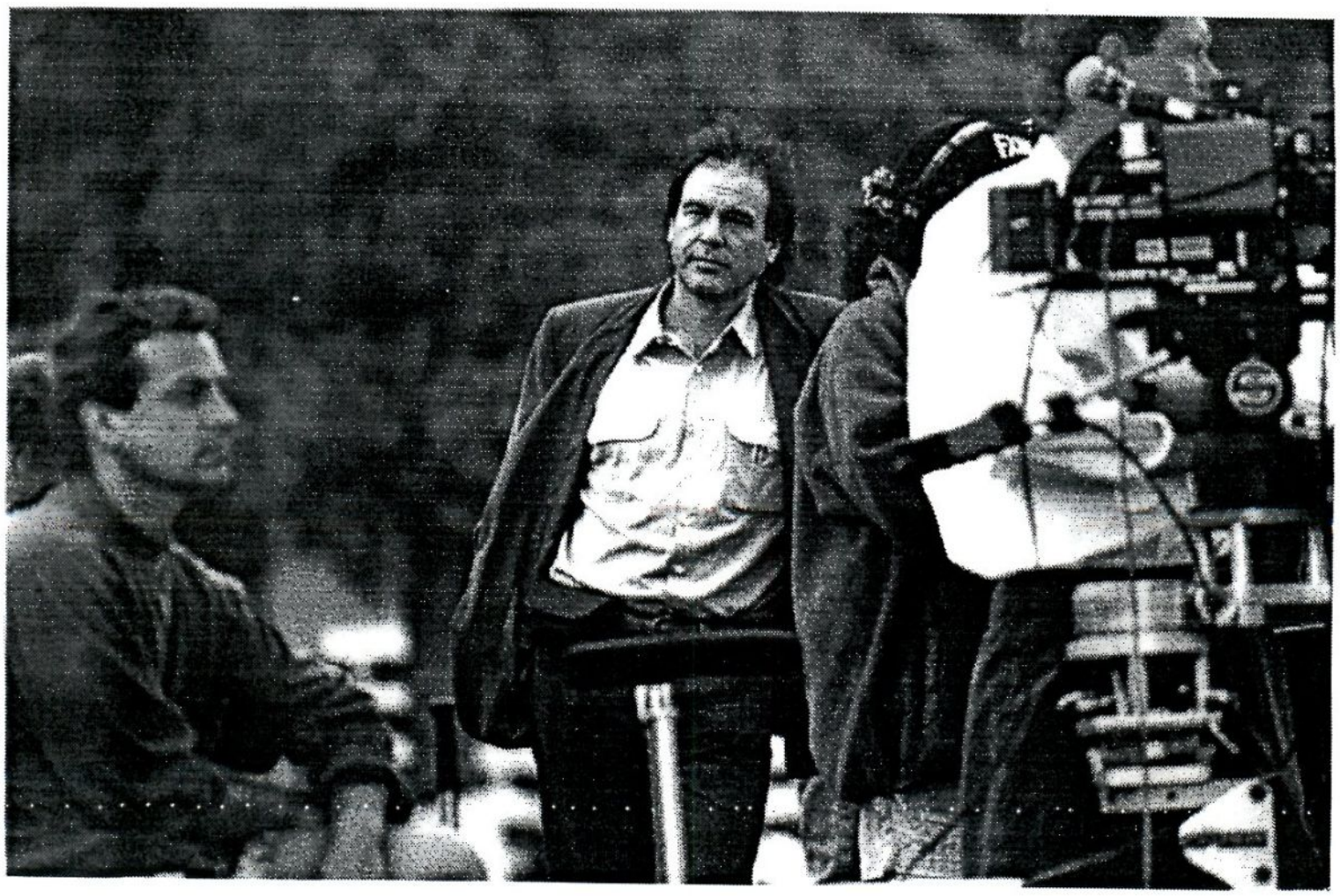
☐ YES

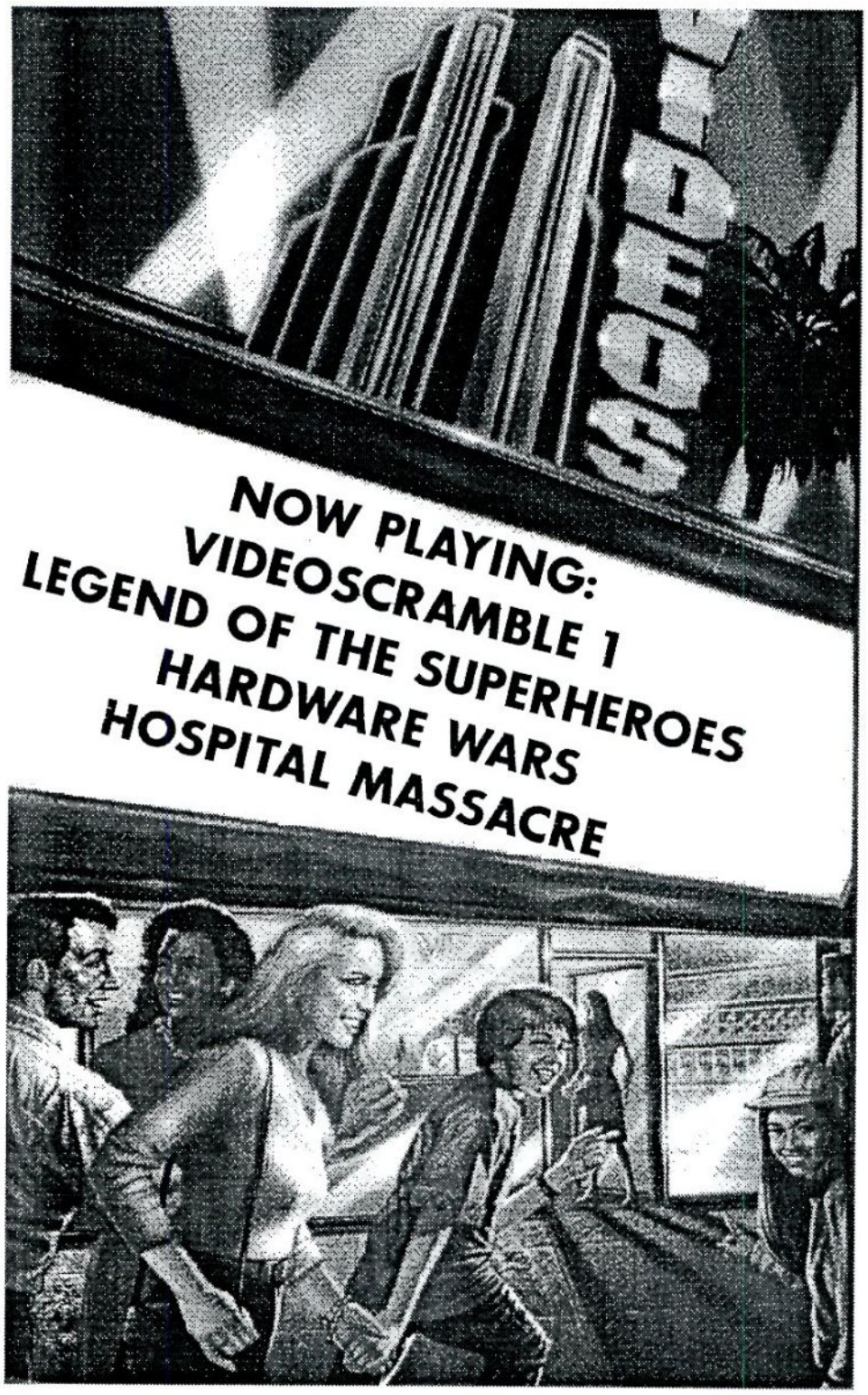
☐ YES



(right) Ollie tells Kevin Costner how to make him look good.

(below) Ollie dreams of winning his next Oscar.





By Rod Lott

Videoscramble 1
Videoscramble Int.
(1993, NR)
★★★★☆

You probably never thought you'd see the day when Charles Manson, Crispin Glover and Oprah Winfrey — all demented minds in their own right — would appear on the same video. Well, wake up, America. The day has come and it definitely ain't at your local Blockbuster.

The video in question is an underground compilation of found footage called *Videoscramble 1*. Cryptically subtitled *Crazy Man While It Lasts — Hell Now*, the tape is compiled by Baltimore resident Scott Christopher, who spent untold hours scouring the airwaves for anything remotely bizarre and came up with 110 minutes of pure, unabashed fun. A lot of it is culled from local newscasts and talk shows. Some clips come from only God-knows-where and it's probably best not to know their origins.

Manson

So here's a sample of what you get: riot footage, monster trucks crashing into the grandstand, race cars smashing into helpless pit crew members, pit bulls attacking people, a vintage Oscar Mayer ad and a public electrocution of an elephant. There's also some clips from a really bad drug exploitation film called *Mary Jane*, the trailer for *Freaks* and a minute or two from what I guess is an Evil Kneivel movie starring none other than George Hamilton.

See Oprah talk to a bunch of hideously disfigured guests. See one of Jimmy Swaggart's hooker friends talk about his penchant for porno films. See Diane Sawyer exposing a less-than-reputable daycare center, where the kids vomit on themselves. See Manson doing his patented freak-out stuff in prison, in a segment swiped from *Hard Copy*. Best of all, see the infamous appearance of Crispin Glover on *Late Night with David Letterman*, the one where a twitching and near-tears Glover got a mite upset and tried to kick Dave in the noggin with his platform shoes.

But it isn't all fun and games, it's educational, too: time-lapse footage of maggots destroying a field mouse, a cow receiving artificial insemination and fun facts about the deadly piranha. And did you know Silly String is flammable? Well, it is, as proven by the video of a child's face catching aflame as Silly String is sprayed on his birthday candles. Hard lessons, yes, but all in the name of science! There are also four incred-

ibly sick, completely unwatchable scenes I'd rather not go into detail about. But I will say this: salad tongs, healthy bowels, blow darts and Stupid Female Anatomy Tricks.

This tape is not for sale, for obvious legal reasons, and is available for trade if you can send Scott something weird he can use in *Videoscramble 2* (but write him first at P.O. Box 7962, Baltimore, MD 21221). *Videoscramble 1* is *the* definitive cult item of the year. It's *I Witness Video* crashing head-on into Bob Saget's dinky little show, and only the strong survive. For once, I can't wait for the sequel. Yee-haw, kiddies.

Legend of the Superheroes
bootleg
(1978?, NR)
★★★☆☆

I was in first or second grade when I first saw this show at my grandparents' house. I loved it then (back when comic books were comic books and not graphic novels) and it's quite a joy to have rediscovered it. Legend of the Superheroes was Hanna-Barbera and NBC's attempt to turn DC Comics' Justice League of America into a weekly one-hour live action series, which is a good idea except they made it with videotape and put a laugh track on it!

This tape contains the two pilots for the show, in both of which the JLA fight the world's dastardly super-villains (if Charlie Callas as Sinestro could ever be considered a threat). Superman and Wonder Woman are no-shows here, but Adam West is back at his middle-aged pudgiest as Batman with Burt Ward's Robin in tow. Captain Marvel and Green Lantern are both fairly effeminate. The Flash barely has a role, Hawkman looks the silliest and Black Canary figures in the cleavage factor. Rounding out the superhero side is some mysterious she-god called The Huntress, whose only appearance in the first half of the tape is jumping through a romantic couple's picnic. She never says a word, either. In a typical Hanna-Barbera twist, a character named Retired Man makes a labored cameo.

Frank Gorshin prepares to check Jim Carrey's prostate.

In the first story, the villains conspire to destroy the world with a doomsday machine. Frank Gorshin plays the Riddler and does a Sigmund Freud impression and comedian Jeff Altman is the Weather Wizard who tries to sell Batman and Robin a used VW for $400 after Solomon Grundy sabotages the Batmobile. Batman wants to test-drive it first and an impatient Robin exclaims, "Holy Ralph Nader!" Grundy pretty much singlehandedly disables all the heroes; Hawkman and Black Canary are chained to a pneumatic car jack at a gas station. The whole thing culminates in an exciting, thrill-a-minute chase on jet skis.

The second story is called "The Roast," and it's even more slapsticky than the first tale, believe it or not. Overall, *Legend of the Superheroes* is worth watching if only to see Adam West try to jog.

The print of this tape is not of outstanding quality; it's in black and white and that's disappointing, but it's still a must for completists of comic-book movies. Send me a tape and return postage and I'll dupe it off for you for free. (And if anyone out there has a color copy, let me know.)

Hardware Wars and Other Film Farces
Warner Home Video
(1982, NR)
★★★★☆

A favorite of mine for more than 10 years, *Hardware Wars and Other Film Farces* is a compilation tape of four movie parodies, each of which I saw separately on Oklahoma City's first attempt at cable, the VUE channel, which showed short subjects between showings of *Tilt!* and lame Ben Gazzarra vehicles.

The first is the titular *Hardware Wars*, Ernie Fosselius' send-up of *Star Wars* with household appliances subbing for the Millenium

Falcon and other spacecraft. R2-D2 is a tiny vaccum cleaner and Chewbacca is a brown-colored Cookie Monster. It's actually very funny. Next is Marv Newland's under-a-minute *Bambi Meets Godzilla* cartoon which we've all seen 104 times already but fits nicely on a tape such as this.

Next is perhpas the best segment, Rick Harper's *Closet Cases of the Nerd Kind*, a hilarious spoof of Spielberg's opus, but here the key to the aliens are cream pies. Getting in digs at *Jaws*, *Star Wars* and Road Runner cartoons along the way, *Closet Cases* is even more inspired than the better-known *Hardware Wars*, both of which run like *Mad* Magazine parodies gone amok.

Lastly is Fosselius' *Porklips Now*, which, although not laugh-out-loud funny, is easily the most clever of all the segments. He does a very smart job of reworking Coppola's highly overrated masterpiece by sending a backyard chef on a mission to find Mertz, a mad butcher thought of as insane because he's selling steaks for 4 cents. This not only pokes fun at the movie, but Coppola itself in a prologue and a bit at the end where he asks the audience to choose one of three endings. Strangely enough, *Porklips Now* manages to be almost as disturbing as *Apocalypse Now*, when a shot of our hero ready to kill Mertz is interspersed with cuts of baloney being sliced.

I wish there were another tape of these shorts parodying blockbusters of the '80s and '90s — God knows they need it — but alas, it is not to be. Highly recommended. And to think I found it at Sound Warehouse for only $5!

Hospital Massacre
MGM Home Video
(1982, R)
★☆☆☆☆

One of the many fine, fine releases from the powerhouse Golan-Globus team under the respected Cannon Films banner, *Hospital Massacre* is one of those movies I would've stayed up really late to watch on cable when I was about 13, if I had had cable at the time, which I didn't, because my parents are mean.

This movie – your standard chop-'em-up horror cheapie, as if the title didn't already say it all – is about a killer in a hospital. Former Hugh Hefner companion and Playmate Barbi Benton is the girl the killer has had a big ol' crush on since they were tots. Too bad she had to reject him, for now he wants to kill her! But not before the camera pans longingly over her exposed bosom!

Boring and dated, directed by Boaz Davidson, who helmed *The Last American Virgin*, *Salsa: The Motion Picture* and *Going Bananas*, a wacky caper which paired, of all people, Dom DeLuise with Jimmie "Dyn-o-mite" Walker.

Zine Central

Reviews by Rod Lott

Psychotronic Video
Michael Weldon, Editor/Publisher
3309 Rt. 97
Narrowsburg, NY 12764-6126
$4 issue / $22 sub (6 issues)

There's really not much more you can say besides the obvious: *Psychotronic Video* is by far one of the very best magazines put out on the market, *period*. #17, like all the issues, features interviews with the absolute bottom-rung of film actors and auteurs. As always, the best thing is Weldon's witty, capsulized reviews, which makes his '80s book *The Psychotronic Encyclopedia Book of Film*, a must-have, and the upcoming second edition something definitely worth waiting for. (84 pgs.)

Bruce on a Stick
Tyler Ferrara, Editor
P.O. Box 416
Tarrytown, NY 10591
$2 issue / $12 sub (4 issues)

For anyone who considers *Evil Dead 2* an important work of film every bit as influential as *Citizen Kane*, then *Bruce on a Stick* is for you. This zine is (mostly) all about Bruce Campbell, tongue-in-cheek star of the *Evil Dead* trilogy and Fox's *The Adventures of Brisco County, Jr.* Each issue features an interview with Bruce, film's most likeable nice-guy hero, and #4 has stories on Christopher Walken, UFOs, Mark Hamill and James Dean, with video reviews thrown in as well. Plus, each issue comes with clothes for the Bruce paper doll, which is part of *BOAS* #1. Do yourself a favor and order

a sub. Get the back issues while you're at it. They're highly readable; I've ready every word *twice*. (16 pgs.)

The Phantom of the Movies' Videoscope

The Phantom of the Movies, Editor
PhanMedia
P.O. Box 31
Keyport, NJ 07735-0031
$3.25 issue / $14.97 sub (6 issues)

Published by the pseudonymed Phantom of the Movies, who in 1989 put out the now hard-to-find but every bit worth-the-trouble-of-looking-for book *The Phantom's Ultimate Movie Guide*, this zine is more of the same: loads of reviews of genre films. Vol. 2, #9 features Abel Ferrara talking about his *Body Snatchers*, a Rutger Hauer videography and the Phantom's favorite anxiety-inducing films. He reviews about 50 tapes each issue. (20 pgs.)

Factsheet 5

R. Seth Friedman, Editor/Publisher
P.O. Box 170099
San Francisco, CA 94117-0099
$3.95 issue / $20 sub (6 issues)

Long considered the Bible of the zine "industry," *Factsheet 5* remains that today. It's nothing more than listings and reviews of thousands of zines in every issue, broken down into their respective categories (e.g. "B-Movies," "Humor," "Politics," "Comix," etc.), but it's entertaining as hell to read, especially with all the cartoons that fill the pages. A word of warning, though: *Factsheet 5* is addictive. Once you pick it up, prepare to have a highlighter in hand. In fact, most of the zines reviewed here were picked up through this. (132 pgs.)

Teenage Gang Debs

Erin and Don Smith, Editor/Publisher
P.O. Box 1754
Bethesda, MD 20827-1754
$2 + 2 stamps issue

With a zine dedicated to *The Brady Bunch*, there's no way you can wrong. Put out by a sibling team, the worst thing about *Teenage Gang Debs* is that it only comes out once a year. They're up to #5, which includes an interview with Robbie Rist (jinx cousin Oliver), one with Barry Williams (Greg), a remembrance of Robert Reed (dead dad Mike) and — the best part — a history of *Dynamite* maga-zine, which I remember getting through my school book clubs. This has lots of great pictures and an incredible centerfold of the Brady gang eating popcorn treats. (24 pgs.)

Schlock

John Chilson, Editor/Amateur Drinker
3841 Fourth Avenue #192
San Diego, CA 92103
$2 issue

Subtitled "The Journal of Low-Brow Cinema and Culture," *Schlock* lives up to that, for good or ill. Though the video reviews are great, the highlight of #6 is a history of Jack Chick's religious comic pamphlets that used to scare the hell out of me as a kid and still do. Freaky. (20 pgs.)

Baby Sue

Dr. Don W. Seven, Editor/Publisher
$3 issue / $12 sub (4 issues)

Whereas a quick skim of the pages might lead one to believe *Baby Sue* is tons o' fun, an actual reading proves otherwise. Comics, poems, short stories and other articles (one examining the stool samples of various celebrities), all existing only for "Dr." Don's racist, rambling, unfunny thoughts. Don't waste your time or your money. (32 pages)

Die, Evan Dando, Die

Jeff Fox, Editor
1464 Easton Rd.
Warrington, PA 18976
$1.50 issue

Dedicated to seeing that Lemonheads lead singer/poster boy Evan Dando dies and goes to hell, the aptly titled and self-explanatory *Die, Evan Dando, Die* not only contains vicious, hilarious diatribes calling for Dando's head on a platter, but also shaving tips, *Hawaii Five-O* trivia and an article on why *Playboy* "rules all hell, even after 40 years." This zine got a sidebar in *Entertainment Weekly*; despite its too-short length and a "thrown together" look about it, it's easy to see why. (20 pgs.)

Digest Digest

Danforth France, Editor/Publisher
953 Rose Arbor Dr.
San Marcos, CA 92069-4584
$2 issue

I had high hopes for this one, being dedicated to *Mystery Science Theater 3000* and all, but I was extremely let down. It's basically worthless, featuring such articles as an unfunny, grade-school-level attempt at humor entitled "You Know You're a MSTie When..." I expected better. A lot. (8 pgs.)

Murder Can Be Fun!
John Marr, Editor/Publisher
Box 640111
San Francisco, CA 94164
$1.50 issue

Apparently one of the most popular zines around today, *Murder Can Be Fun!* is all about murder, with each issue dedicated to a certain theme: death at Disneyland, Postal Service massacres and Mormon cult killings. Anal retentive in its approach, the delivery is fun and not at all as grisly as it sounds (though I don't think he'd want me to say that). He also reviews dimestore paperbacks he finds of interest. I don't like the ancient typewriter he uses, though. (32 pgs.)

ATTENTION ALL FANS OF

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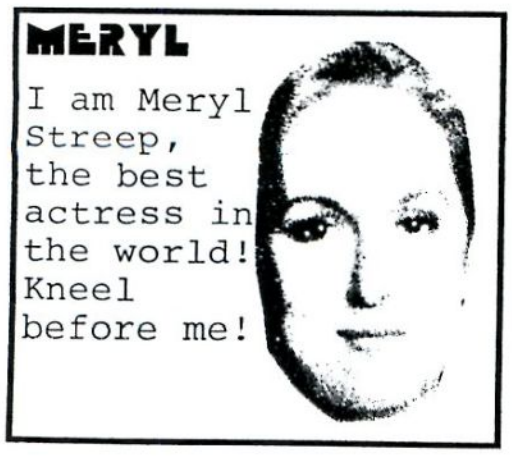
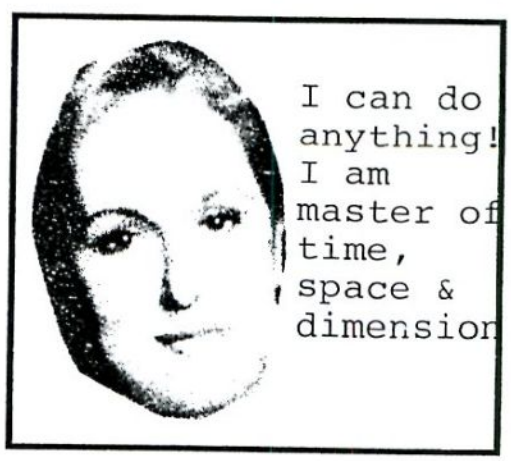
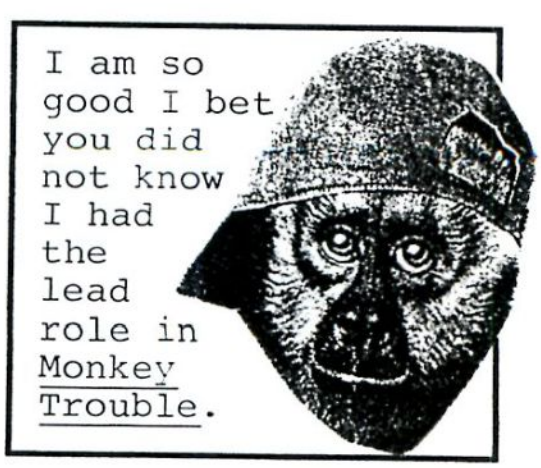
Copies of *The Mad Magazine TV Special* are now available! This very rare, never-aired TV pilot from the '70s is fully animated and features a *Godfather* parody, Spy vs. Spy, Don Martin and other popular MAD mainstays. A very good-quality tape (recorded at SP) is yours for only $12 for the 45-min. show. This title is believed to be in the public domain and is sold collector to collector only. No rights are implied. Send check or money order to: R. Lott, 5504 N. Tulsa, Oklahoma City, OK 73112.

The Many Faces of Julia Roberts







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☐ **YEP**. I've got a few bucks to blow — $20, to be exact — for a one-year, six-issue subscription to **HITCH**, the zine that defies description. (Hey, that rhymes!) Therefore, I've delicately completed the requested information below with a Crayola® crayon, which I like very much. My life is now worth living.

☐ **NAH**. I suck. In fact, I'm probably so ignorant that I might actually send this coupon back to let you know.

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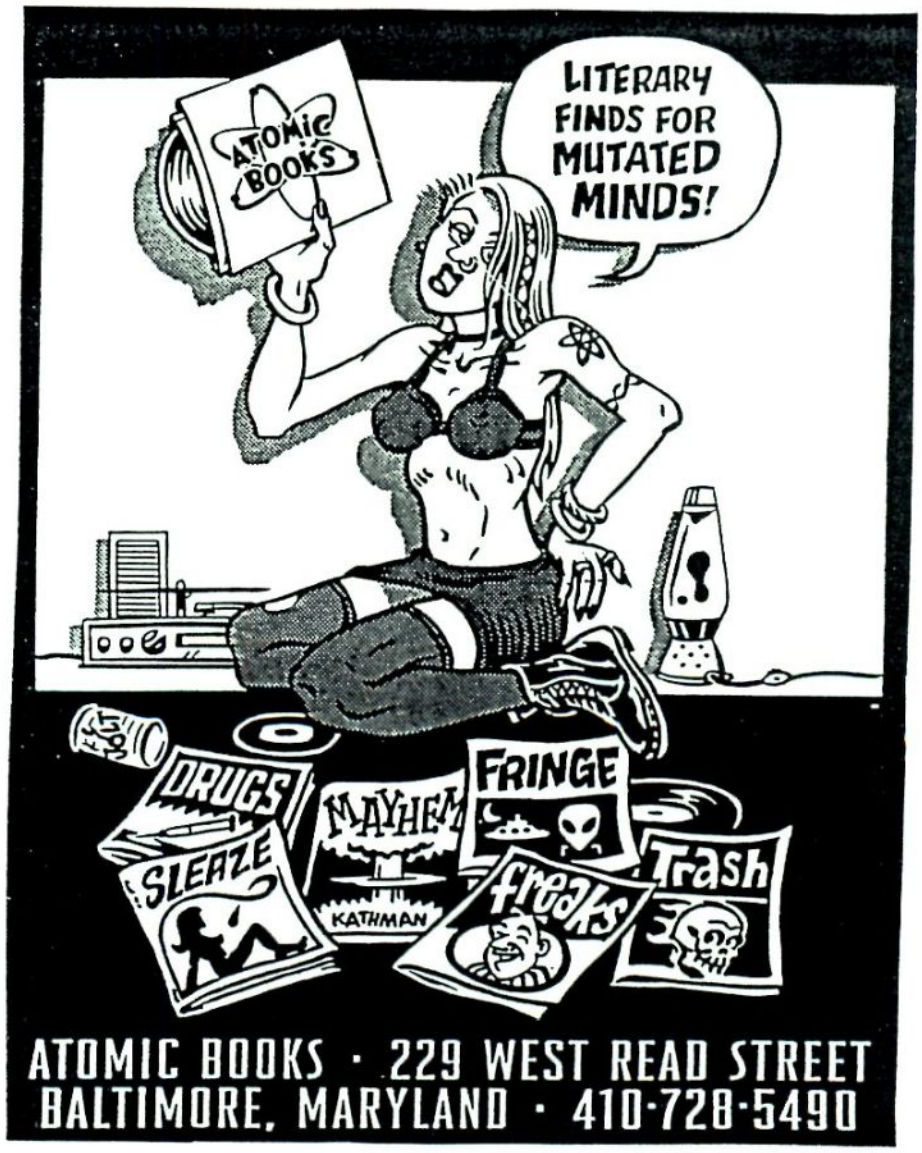

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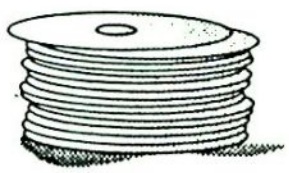

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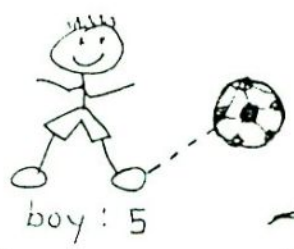

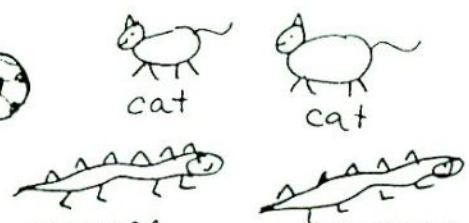

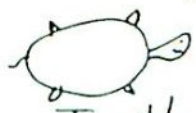

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